The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR:
ON THE FIGHTING LINES

While during the week ending July 26 there was no decisive result in the Anglo-French movement in the Somme River sector, progress was made. The line of the offensive was broadened (in order, as military observers say, to give "elbow room" to the combined advance), and fierce German counter-attacks were met firmly by the Allies.

The most brilliant action of the week was the attacks made by the troops from Australia and New Zealand on the village of Pozières, a place of little consequence in itself, but on the direct route of the British to their main objective, Bapaume. The valor of these troops in this action is comparable only to the vigor shown by troops from the same British possessions at Gallipoli. On July 26 Berlin admitted that the whole of Pozières was in the hands of the British. All around this position, and especially in the Foureaux Woods, the fighting has been fierce and continuous.

The news of the week from the Russian offensive was highly encouraging. On July 23 it was reported that General Kuropatkin had broken down General von Hindenburg's lines on the Riga front for a distance of five miles, and, although counter-attacks may have lessened the importance of this gain, it is evident that even here in the northern part of the eastern war-line Russia's offensive is immensely vigorous. Farther south the Germans under General von Linsingen have been pushed back from the rivers Styr and Lipa, and especially in the region of the Slonevke, a tributary of the Styr. A Petrograd despatch puts the German losses in this vicinity at fifty thousand. The Russians are also more on the aggressive in the region of the Carpathian Mountains than for the last two or three weeks. Altogether, and making allowances for contradictory reports from Petrograd and Berlin, it is clear that the Russian offensive, extending as it does for an enormous distance, is not slackening, and has every prospect of further success.

Another advantage to be credited to Russia is its occupation of the great Turkish stronghold in central Armenia, Erzingan. On July 26 there was a report that Erzingan had fallen, and that the Turkish army, defeated by the Grand Duke Nicholas and his army from the Caucasus, was fleeing in disorder. The following day Petrograd despatches positively confirmed the report, and added that the clearing of the Turks from Armenia was complete. Erzingan has been the natural objective for their efforts in this field since the fall of Erzerum and Trebizond. Erzingan is about eighty miles southwest of Erzerum, and is in every way a most important point in the campaign along the Black Sea.

Politically the most interesting event of the week was the resignation of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sergius Sazonoff, after seven years of service. He is succeeded, temporarily at least, by the Premier, Mr. Sturmer, and it is asserted by a Petrograd despatch that the change in the Ministry involves no general change in policy. Sazonoff is credited with having done much to further the friendly relations between Russia on the one hand and Great Britain and Japan on the other. Our readers will remember an important interview with him reported by a member of The Outlook's staff, Mr. Gregory Mason, and published in this journal last December.

A singular incident of the week was the statement in the long-expected Orange Book issued by the Dutch Government as to the Tubantia question. This remains unsettled, just as the Lusitania question does. It is now admitted that the Tubantia was sunk by a torpedo, and Holland presented what seems to be conclusive evidence that it was a German torpedo. Thereupon, says the Orange Book, Germany produced the remarkable theory that probably a German torpedo had been fired at a British war-ship, had remained afloat, and had accidentally struck the Tubantia! Nothing since Germany's note to the United States showing that the Sussex had not been sunk by a German submarine, because the captain of that

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submarine had made a sketch of the vessel he did sink, which differed from the Sussex, has reached this point of absurdity.

THE IRISH SITUATION

Ever since the Sinn-Fein rising last Easter Sunday the Irish governmental status seems to have gone from bad to worse. There is no Viceroy in the place of Baron Wimborne, former Lord Lieutenant; the office of Chief Secretary, lately occupied by Mr. Augustine Birrell, remains unfilled; the Irish interests are represented in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons by Mr. Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, who is not known to have any special knowledge of them.

Not long ago, however, the outlook for a new government suddenly became auspicious. The Sinn-Fein rebellion showed the Cabinet that some radical action was immediately necessary. Hence Mr. Lloyd George, now War Secretary, was sent to Ireland, the Cabinet rightly believing that his Welsh acuteness, ingenuity, and adroitness would prove of high service.

In 1914 a Home Rule Bill for Ireland had been passed, it is true, by which there was to be at Dublin, for the consideration of purely Irish affairs, a Parliament of two houses, the Senate to have 40 members, and the House of Commons 164. But the bill was not to go into effect until after the close of the war. Mr. Lloyd George evolved a plan for the immediate going into effect of a temporary scheme, to which he obtained the approval of the Irish Nationalists and also of those people of the province of Ulster who had opposed Home Rule. By this plan an Irish Parliament would be created, to be composed of the one hundred and three Irish members, whether Unionists or Nationalists, at present in the Imperial Parliament, they to retain their places in that Parliament at the same time. But as the act was not to extend to the six Unionist Ulster counties, the twenty-five members who sit for these six counties would not be transferred; of the seventy-eight who would be, seventy-six are Nationalists and two Unionists—namely, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Campbell, the representatives of Trinity College, Dublin. The act was to remain in force during the war and for twelve months thereafter. The judicial and military features of the government were to be administered from London.

The announcement by Mr. Asquith, British Prime Minister, that the Cabinet had agreed upon this plan, and that the proper bill would be at once introduced into Parliament, was certainly reassuring. Unfortuately, however, a day or two later the Marquis of Lansdowne, a member of the Cabinet, and supposed to be the largest landowner in Ireland, made a speech in the House of Lords, in which he said that a garrison would also be maintained in Ireland strong enough to preserve order, presumably forty thousand troops under the command of General Maxwell, "in whom the Government has unabated confidence;" that special safeguards would be created for the loyalists in the south and west; that no one would be allowed to carry arms without a permit; and that there would be no grants of amnesty.

This speech made its due impression. Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, characterized it as a declaration of war on the Irish people. He also correctly surmised that the Government had made changes in the phraseology of the agreement submitted to the Nationalists, and that this was due to the fact that the Cabinet was not united. There were two rifts. The first was the complaint that Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament might be reduced before the war was over, contrary to the agreement as originally drawn. It was explained, in reply, that there was no idea of decreasing this until after the present Parliament was dissolved, and it was not expected that Parliament would be dissolved until the war had ended. This explanation, however, did not remove the feeling of the Irish that there had been bad faith. The second complaint was due to the suspicion aroused by Lord Lansdowne's remark that "structural alterations would be permanent." Was the exclusion of the protesting Ulster provinces to be permanent after it had been agreed that it should be temporary? On Monday of last week, however, Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader, made it clear that he was not asking for permanent exclusion, and spoke as follows in the House of Commons:

> It would not be a bad day for this country, for Ireland, and for the war if Mr. Redmond and myself should shake hands on the floor of this House. But if that is to be done there can be no idea of coercion of Ulster. Let Ulster be struck out of the bill. Then go and win her if you can; she can be won by good government. If the hopes of a settlement in Ulster and the rest of Ireland are shattered now, it would be a calamity.
>
> At the end of the war we will have had enough fighting. We will have other great

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questions to deal with, and it is inconceivable that we should resume our old quarrels.

This is both patriotism and common sense.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DANISH WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

It is announced that the United States Government has completed negotiations with Denmark for the purchase of the Danish West Indies by the United States for the price of $25,000,000. The agreement, in order to be effective, must, of course, be ratified by the United States Senate and by the Danish Parliament.

This is not the first time that a proposal for the purchase of these islands has been before the United States Senate, which in 1902 refused to ratify the treaty, although the price was then only $5,000,000.

No one can question the importance of these islands from the military and naval point of view. They are three in number—St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix. St. Thomas possesses a superb harbor, which could hold in safety the largest fleet in the world; while as a coaling station and a repair station its value would be great in itself, and greater still as making it unnecessary for American vessels to use certain foreign coaling stations in the Atlantic now relied upon. The islands lie directly east of Porto Rico, and a little over 1,200 miles from the Panama Canal; their ownership would be unquestionably of great protective value to the Canal. As far back as 1865 Admiral Porter declared to President Lincoln that St. Thomas was "a second Gibraltar, which could not be attacked by a naval force." The area of the three islands is about 120 square miles, and their population is about 35,000.

CONGRESS

A primary duty of Congress is to pass the necessary measures appropriating funds for the Government's current expenses. Some of these bills for the ensuing year have already been passed. They involve more money than has ever been expended before. For instance, the Army, Navy, and Post-Office Bills will each exceed three hundred million dollars. When, besides all the appropriation bills, we add such miscellaneous items as a twenty-million-dollar nitrate plant to the National Defense, to the large necessary expenditures due to the Good Roads Act and to the Federal Farm Loan Act, all of which measures are now law, the total sum is far ahead of that which startled the public not so long ago by the slogan, "A Billion-Dollar Congress." That total sum bids fair to be nearer two billions than one billion for the coming year.

In our opinion, Americans will never grudge great expenditures when they are shown to be necessary to insure economic, military, and Governmental preparedness. They will grudge any expenditures, however, we hope, when they are shown to be foolish—as, for example, the quarter of a million dollars in the Agricultural Appropriation Bill for free seeds for political distribution by Senators and Representatives (an appropriation which farmers generally oppose), or the eleven-million-dollar armor plant in the Navy Bill, when existing plants are ample for all requirements and insure all possible protection in price.

In connection with the Navy Bill, we have to chronicle that, providing for the construction of one hundred and fifty-seven vessels during the next three years, it has now passed the Senate by the encouraging vote of 71 to 8. As the bill in an earlier form had already passed the House of Representatives, it now goes to conference between the two houses. It would be too much, we suppose, to expect that the House conferees will agree to the Senate provisions, which have doubled the size of a bill drafted by "little navy men," especially when the success of the House conferees in a previous conference over the National Defense Act is remembered. They defeated the Senate's far more efficient measure, and the Hay Bill was practically enacted into law.

Perhaps it is not so surprising, therefore, that the Senate has not yet confirmed the President's nomination of Mr. Hay (long a Representative in Congress and an obstructor of military reform) to a judgeship. This is in striking contrast with the Senate's quick and unanimous confirmation last week of the nomination of John H. Clarke, of Cleveland, as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

LABOR LEGISLATION

The exigencies of the Presidential campaign have caused a sudden and amusing increase of interest among the Democrats in general, and the Administration in particular, in the two chief labor measures now before Congress—the Federal Workmen's Compensation Bill and the Child Labor Bill. Despite their promise in the platform adopted

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at Baltimore in 1912 of a Federal employees' compensation law, the Democrats in control of Congress allowed such a measure to be repeatedly introduced and neglected. Finally, on July 12, the House passed the bill by the splendid vote of 286 to 3. It should have similar success in the Senate. We should then be assured of a uniform workmen's compensation law for our Government's injured employees on a scale like that required of private employers in our leading industrial States.

The struggle to get the Child Labor Bill, already passed by the House, to the Senate might be harder, if we were to judge from the following dialogue which occurred last week. Senator Hardwick (Democrat), of Georgia, was quoting a remark made on February 26 by Senator Gallinger (Republican), of New Hampshire, indicating that the child labor proposition was unconstitutional, but that the Republicans were now favoring it, hoping thereby to make political capital:

"What has happened since February 26 to bring about that change?" demanded Senator Hardwick.

"Oh, there have been many who changed in regard to the constitutionality of child labor legislation," broke in Senator Borah (Republican), of Idaho.

"Is the Senator from Idaho one of those?" inquired Mr. Hardwick.

"No; but the leader of the Senator's party is," retorted Senator Borah.

"Who is that?" inquired Mr. Hardwick, amid laughter from both Republicans and Democrats.

"The President," answered Mr. Borah, waving a copy of Mr. Wilson's "Constitutional Government in the United States." "President Wilson, on pages 178 and 179 of that book, said: 'Its power is "to regulate commerce between the States," and the attempts now made during every session of Congress to carry the implications of that power beyond the utmost boundaries of reasonable and honest inference show that the only limits likely to be observed by politicians are those set by the good sense and conservative temper of the country. The proposed Federal legislation with regard to the regulation of child labor affords a striking example. If the power to regulate commerce between the States can be stretched to include the regulation of labor in mills and factories, it can be made to embrace every particular of the industrial organization and action of the country. The only limitations Congress would observe, should the Supreme Court assent to such obviously absurd extravagancies of interpretation, would be the limitations of opinion and of circumstance.'"

"I think the President was right when he said it was unconstitutional," commented Senator Hardwick, after Senator Borah's interruption. "And I think the lawyers in the Senate on whose advice Senator Gallinger thought the bill unconstitutional were right."

"I have no doubt," replied Senator Borah, "that this bill is Constitutional. That view is based on several recent decisions of the Supreme Court."

Mr. Borah afterward explained that the cases he referred to were the white slave case, the employers' liability case, and some recent applications of the principles laid down in the old lottery case.

THE SHIPPING BILL AND OTHERS

The Administration's chief measure at the present session of Congress has been believed to be the Shipping Bill, a measure which would put the Government into the foreign shipping business, so as to build up our merchant marine and so as to protect American shippers from excessive freight charges. For this purpose fifty million dollars of Panama Canal bonds were to be used to create a fund to be spent on a prospective Government merchant fleet. The bill passed the House, but the Senate has now shorn it of some of the features which aroused alarm. It now protects us from some of the possible international entanglements by prohibiting the purchase or lease of any vessel under the registry of a foreign country engaged in war, and the Government's interest in the purchase and operation of vessels is to end five years from the day on which the war ends. It now prohibits the acquirement of any vessel not found to be at least seventy-five per cent as efficient as when originally put in commission. The provision making the Secretaries of the Navy and Commerce members of the Shipping Board no longer exists. The Government's proposal was formulated on the theory that American ship-building interests need Governmental encouragement. But what is the fact? We are to-day building more merchant ships than is any other country!

The Administration is directly concerned with certain measures which have now passed both houses of Congress and have gone to conference: the Philippine Bill in its present chastened condition; the Rivers and Harbors Bill in a very unchastened condition; and the

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Water Power Bill, providing for grants of fifty years' duration to private interest for the construction of dams and the development of hydroelectric energy.

In connection with waterway legislation railway legislation should be mentioned. Its chief feature has been the passage by the House a few days ago of the resolution passed months ago by the Senate, providing for an investigation of the Government control and regulation of railways and of public ownership of all common carrier utilities.

THE BENNET-HOWE CONTROVERSY

William S. Bennet, Member of Congress from New York City, has made a personal attack on the Commissioner of Immigration, Frederic C. Howe. This attack could not have been made anywhere except upon the floor of Congress without subjecting the one who made it to liability to substantiate his charges. A Member of Congress, however, is in a place of security, and can, if he will, use his position to the discredit of others. In this case, Mr. Bennet has made the attack on Mr. Howe as a part of his opposition to a policy which Mr. Howe has advocated.

Some time ago Commissioner Howe took steps to see if the Federal Government itself could not legally feed the immigrants detained at Ellis Island, instead of intrusting their feeding to a contractor. As the contract expired on June 30, and as the Department had had some difficulty with commissary contractors, he called for a legal opinion from the Attorney-General and from the Comptroller of the Treasury. Both gave the opinion that it was legal for the Department to operate the restaurant.

Three years ago, when the contractors whose contract expired on June 30 had a hearing before the Department of Labor on account of some newspaper charges, Mr. William S. Bennet, then not a Congressman, was their counsel. As a consequence of those hearings the Department did not cancel the contract. In June of this year, as their contract was about to expire, Mr. Bennet, the former counsel of these contractors, but now a Member of Congress, secured an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill providing that no part of the sum by that bill appropriated should be used for maintaining any of the privileges (including, of course, the restaurant) at any United States immigration station. The amendment was agreed to. This, of course, effectually denied to Commissioner Howe any means for carrying out his plan, and made it necessary to let out the restaurant privileges by contract again. Of course Commissioner Howe criticised this action. In reply Congressman Bennet thereupon made his personal charges against Commissioner Howe.

The most serious of these charges concerned the admission of immoral women. Congressman Bennet connected these charges with the statement that Commissioner Howe had very radical views—was, in fact, "a half-baked radical who has free-love ideas." Those who know Mr. Howe, even those who may differ from him in his economic and political views, find it hard to exercise patience in reading such a statement. Commissioner Howe has with perfect good temper publicly replied to the charges. One instance will serve as an illustration. Mr. Bennet said that Mr. Howe had "recommended the admission of one of these prostitutes to himself, a woman named Juliette, and had her transferred to the family of a friend as a servant." Mr. Howe replied that he had never done so; that the woman in question had been at the station for a year; that he had investigated her case, had found that her husband had stolen her clothes and had forced her virtually to white slavery; that the husband had been sent to jail and the woman detained; that a prominent surgeon had requested her as an employee; that she was under bond, reporting regularly, and was making good.

At such a station as Ellis Island the question how far humane regard for the happiness and welfare of the individual is compatible with an efficient safeguarding of the interests of immigrants as a body and of the country at large is perplexing. One commissioner will emphasize efficiency, another will emphasize humane regard for the individual. It is a fairly debatable question whether Mr. Howe may not have overemphasized humanity at the expense of efficiency. To debate that question, however, in the manner Mr. Bennet has employed is not only wrong, but foolish, because it defeats its own end. Few fair-minded persons, comparing Mr. Bennet's attack with Mr. Howe's reply, would hesitate to reach a verdict in favor of Mr. Howe.

In fairness to Mr. Bennet, we should add that in reply to a query from us he has telegraphed, "Government operations would not

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have interfered with Hudgins & Dumas, as their contract expired June 30 last." Hudgins & Dumas are Mr. Bennet's former clients.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION

In St. Paul, on July 21, the Prohibition National Convention nominated J. F. Hanly, former Governor of Indiana, for President, and Dr. Ira B. Landrith, of Nashville, Tennessee, for Vice-President. Ex-Governor Hanly was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 440 votes, to 181 for William Sulzer, once Governor of New York State, and the nearest contender.

The platform upon which the Prohibition nominees will run, besides the inevitable demand for National prohibition, expresses opposition to the wasteful military programme of the Democratic and Republican parties. Nevertheless, it pledges the candidates to maintain an effective army and navy and to provide coast defenses entirely adequate for National protection. It also favors reciprocal trade treaties to be negotiated with all nations, and legislation to encourage the establishment of an adequate fleet of American merchant ships. The platform opposes war with Mexico, pledges aid to the protection of American lives, and favors the use of force when necessary. Among other policies advocated are the enactment of uniform marriage and divorce laws and the complete suppression of white slavery. The Prohibition party demands the abolition of child labor, the eight-hour day, a single Presidential term of six years, public ownership of public utilities, the equality of all persons, separation of Church and State, ownership and operation of grain elevators by the Federal Government, and the abolition of speculation on markets. It will thus be seen that the Prohibition party, aside from its fundamental tenet, offers a broad and diversified list of attractions.

Voting returns for the last forty years form a significant commentary upon the futile policy of attempting to establish a party upon the issue of National prohibition. Rarely has the vote for the Prohibition candidate gone above a quarter of a million. The largest vote polled was in 1892, when John Bidwell, of California, received 264,133 votes. Between 1908 and 1912 the Prohibition party lost some 50,000 votes. It will be interesting, but without any particular significance so far as the progress of temperance reform and National prohibition are concerned, to observe what the party does this coming November.

THE NEW YORK PROGRESSIVES

The recent meeting of the New York State Committee of the National Progressive party was important chiefly for the comment it affords upon the rapid disintegration of the Progressives as a political organization. The Prohibition party has hung together for forty years without even the faint shadow of a prospect of success. The Progressive party, which less than four years ago carried more than four million voters to the polls and won second place in the Presidential contest, has already approached dissolution. Perhaps the difference between the record of the two parties may be summed up by the statement that the Progressives are so mentally constituted that they can learn from political experience, while most party Prohibitionists apparently find any form of compromise impossible.

The New York State Committee, it was hoped, might be brought to indorse the nomination of Mr. Hughes for President. The Committee may have had a decided majority in favor of Mr. Hughes, but a vociferous faction there present made a vote both impossible and undesirable. Whatever the result would have been in the committee if the matter of indorsement had come to a vote, it is, we believe, undoubtedly true that a great majority of those who voted the Progressive ticket in 1912 are in favor of the election of Mr. Hughes to the Presidency.

Perhaps those who are clinging to the remains of the machine of the Progressive party may be divided into three groups. Perhaps the smallest of these groups is composed of those social idealists who saw in the founding of the Progressive party the first practical step towards the realization of their public-spirited ambitions for reform, and who cannot yet bring themselves to work for the same ideal in another organization. To these men the Progressive party represented the one articulate method of voicing their desires unhampered by the political opportunity of the older parties. It is hard for them even now to abandon their hope—a hope the realization of which, however, they need never forget, has been measurably forwarded by the birth and existence of the Progressive party. A

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Rogers in the New York Herald

THE TASK OF SISYPHUS

HELPING MEXICO

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Knott in the Dallas News

John Bull: "A harmless submarine! There ain't no such animal!"

Rehse in the New York World

THE BLOOMIN' GAME LAW

BRITISH NAVAL POWER AND THE ELUSIVE GERMAN SUBMARINE MERCHANTMAN

Starrett in the New York Tribune

ANY VOTER JUST NOW

Buchanan in the Sketch (London)

"D'ye happen to know where B Company is, mate?"
"Nah poo, chum. Don't ask *me*. I ain't the blinkin' 'arbor master!"

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second group is composed of those Democrats who have left their old party and now find it impossible either to join the Republican party or to return to the Democratic party, from whose policies they still widely differ. The third, and least interesting and attractive, group is composed of those men, powerless to make themselves felt in either of the two older parties, who find in quarreling over the remains of the Progressive party an outlet for their restless ambitions for political leadership and excitement.

Meantime, the Progressive movement, far from dissolving, is making headway with unforeseen rapidity. The present Administration has openly proclaimed itself as progressive as the Progressives, and the Republican leaders admit, in the words of that arch-conservative, ex-Speaker Cannon, "We are all Progressives now." The real leaders of the Progressives have already set themselves to the task of translating this lip service into action, and have gone back, some of them into the Democratic, but most of them into the Republican party, and there command a respect which the formidable character of the Progressive split of 1912 engendered in the minds of all party politicians.

THE NEW YORK CLOAK STRIKE

A tentative settlement was reached last week between the manufacturers of cloaks and suits in New York City and their employees. But the shop chairmen of the employees refused to accept the terms made in the conference of union leaders with the employers. This great industrial struggle has been going on for three months and has thrown out of work, it is said, nearly fifty thousand working people. Strictly speaking, as our readers will remember, this was a lockout rather than a strike, although the manufacturers' action in discharging employees was promptly met by the counter-offensive of a general strike.

The agreement was a compromise. In nearly all differences as to business contracts compromise is the most common way out; and a difference between employer and employees as to wages, hours, and treatment is as truly a business question as the purchase of a house. The one great difference in the two cases is that in a trade which has been organized the only chance which the employees have of insisting on a due hearing and influence in fixing terms is through combination—or collective bargaining, to employ the common phrase. With proper facilities for conciliation and arbitration, and with the right spirit and open minds on both sides, it should not be difficult to make such a business contract, even though many employers and thousands of employees are involved. Yet New York City has for three months seen the spectacle of many thousands of working people enduring deprivation and almost starvation because compulsory arbitration does not exist and an agreement for voluntary arbitration could not be reached. It is stated that no less a sum than $83,000 weekly was paid out by the unions from their funds and from special contributions in order to keep the workers alive during this deplorable struggle.

The compromise reached by the leaders involved important concessions on both sides. On the one hand, the strikers gained substantial increases in wages, some improvement in hours (the week is now to be one of forty-nine hours), the fixing of a standard price rate for garments, and the establishing of the principle of what are called preferential union shops. This last means that non-union employees already at work may continue to hold their places, but that in employing new workers union men shall receive the preference. This does not fulfill the demand of the unions for complete recognition or, as the employers claim, for complete union control. It is, however, a considerable concession by the employers, and the employees' leader, Mr. Schlesinger, and their attorney, Mr. Hilquitt, declared the total result a distinct victory for the workers. An unusual and rather experimental agreement was the specific recognition by the employers of the employees' right to strike.

On the other hand, the employers point out that the agreement ignores the Protocol and the methods provided under it for arbitration and conciliation. This is indeed a great loss for the employees. Under the Protocol plan, local and individual matters in dispute were settled easily and satisfactorily by shop committees. More important questions came before boards of conciliation and arbitration. The establishing of this plan, now abandoned finally, was largely due to the invention and skill of Mr. Brandeis, now Justice Brandeis, of the Supreme Court. For a long time, however, there had been increasing friction in carrying out the provisions, and, as the employ-

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ees charged, open hostility to it on the part of the employers.

Commenting recently on the issues involved in this strike, The Outlook declared: "The issue is not whether the trade union shall control. It is whether the principle of arbitration and conciliation, the only instrument that has ever been discovered to be efficacious in tribal industrial wars, shall be abandoned or adhered to." Several attempts at arbitration offered by Mayor Mitchel and by other disinterested parties failed completely; the tentative result was reached, not through arbitration, but through various conferences of representatives of the two parties. It was said to be a case of exhaustion on both sides; the employees, it was said, could not live without work, while the business loss of the employers was becoming more serious every day.

Such controversies cannot be ended until a governmental commission for ascertaining the conditions of employment and for making decisions on the basis of such facts, rather than on a basis of guess-work and compromise, is established.

THE BOMB OUTRAGE IN SAN FRANCISCO

What is generally regarded as an Anarchist outrage tragically marred San Francisco's Preparedness Parade on July 22. It was during the passing of the First California Regiment that a bomb was exploded in the street, killing six persons, injuring fully twenty-five seriously, and inflicting lesser injuries upon scores of others. Apparently the bomb was hidden in a suit-case filled with explosives and crammed with cartridges, slugs, and other missiles. It was evidently set off by a time-fuse.

At the point of the explosion, says the New York "Times"—

> Hundreds of persons were gathered at the corner beside the ranks of the marchers, and the missiles plowed through them. The building against which the suit-case had been left was wrecked, and stores across the street partly demolished. Wounded persons ran madly through the crowd, and others, panic-stricken, stumbled over the bodies of the dead and injured, piling up in heaps on the streets. Buildings for blocks around rocked. A traffic policeman was thrown from his horse.

Warning that a bomb would be exploded had been conveyed to the newspapers and to many persons by means of anonymous post-cards. The close watch for any move of this kind was foiled, in part, by the fact that the bomb was left in the suit-case instead of being thrown.

The criminals who planted this deadly bomb have not yet been discovered, though every effort is being made by the authorities of the city of San Francisco and the State of California. Save for the anonymous warning sent to individuals and San Francisco newspapers, no clues have yet been found. It will evidently prove a difficult task to ferret out the perpetrators of this extraordinary and senseless outrage.

BUSINESS MEN ON UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

One of the most significant indications of the change which has taken place in the last two years in the United States in regard to the necessity and righteousness of universal military training and service has been made manifest through a referendum vote of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, it will be remembered, formulates recommendations concerning National policy, submits these recommendations to its affiliated organizations throughout the country, and then publishes in bulletin form the results of this business men's referendum. In the present instance, the following recommendation, put forward by the Defense Committee of the National Chamber of Commerce, was submitted to vote:

> The Committee, recognizing military obligation equally with the civic obligations as a fundamental duty of democratic citizenship in a republic, and to establish a system which will affect every man alike, recommends that universal military training be adopted as a fundamental democratic principle of our military policy, and be enforced by law to furnish adequate land, sea, and industrial forces in peace and war.

More than three hundred and fifty organizations responded, and the result shows that twenty-six States voted unanimously in favor of compulsory military training. In sixteen other States there was an overwhelming majority in favor of the proposition. Only one State, Alabama, voted "No." The District of Columbia, Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, and the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris all voted unanimously "Yes." In the bulletin of the National Chamber of Commerce the following conclusions regarding the significance of this vote are drawn:

> The main point is that business men have now recognized the military obligation in a

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democracy as of equal rank with the civic duties of citizens, and stated their conviction that recognition of this principle is fundamental. They have gone further, and recorded a conclusive vote that a system of universal military training is one which will affect every man alike. In other words, instead of being militaristic or aristocratic, it is a thoroughly democratic principle.

Finally, business men are not afraid of compulsory military education. They believe it will develop a better-balanced and more self-disciplined youth from which to build succeeding generations of American citizens. They have registered their opinion that it will not only prepare citizens for wars which all hope to avoid, but will fit them better for virile, substantial peace which all hope to enjoy.

The National Chamber of Commerce truly asks:

How many people in the United States, even how many business men, would have ventured six months ago to predict that the commercial and trade organizations of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the leading business associations of the country, would come out solidly for universal military training? Very few indeed.

Perhaps we may propound a question of our own. How many Congressmen will now prove themselves attentive to the significance of this vote?

A NUTRITION CAMP

In the Palisades Park, not far from the fashionable colony at Tuxedo, one hundred and fifty boys are "camping out." In charge of them is a camp master and several assistants. Here in the open air, living in tents, swimming in the pond by the camp, hiking through the woods, and clambering over the mountains, under the regular supervision of the camp physician, subjected to a discipline unknown to them before, well fed, these boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, are responding physically, mentally, and morally to their new environment.

The camp is conducted by one of the most intelligent and beneficent organizations devoted to social progress—the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. It is a part of the Association's study of defective nutrition and campaign on behalf of better nutrition.

In its study the Bureau of Welfare of School Children, in charge of Mr. Edward F. Brown, which is one of the divisions of the Association's Department of Social Welfare, under the direction of Dr. Donald B. Armstrong, is co-operating with the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City's Department of Health. As Mr. Frank A. Manny, a special investigator of the Association in this campaign, has said in a recent article in the "Modern Hospital," nutrition does not depend merely upon food, but upon "food influenced and reconstructed by air, exercise, sleep, occupations, interests, and other factors." Malnutrition may be due not merely to insufficient quantity, but also to the wrong kind of food. So the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor—or the A. I. C. P., as it is more familiarly known—as well as other societies giving relief, has employed dietitians, who have given families counsel and advice. In one of the schools, for instance, a physician and a nurse were making inquiries to show the breakfast problem of the pupils, and in reply to questions as to what they had had for breakfast got the answer repeatedly, "Coffee and bread," and an occasional "Bread and tea," until one answered, "Cocoa and cereal." They recognized that that child belonged to one of the "A. I. C. P. families."

Of course there are two things, at least, which a family needs in order to be well nourished—money to buy food enough, and knowledge to buy food of the right kind. The first requisite, money, raises the whole problem of wages and industrial conditions. The second requisite, knowledge, can be imparted by such a society as the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. But in order to get the knowledge there needs to be a wide study and experiments. There are a great many families who are far above the "relief line" who could well profit by such "nutritional guidance." A great deal can be done through the schools. "Collective buying" is a possibility. The school luncheon can be used, not merely for the relief of distress, but for an example which can be imitated. Then, of course, there are the other factors to be taken into consideration besides food—hygienic conditions, safeguards against disease, air space, sunlight, and the like. There has been worked out a nutrition scale, which was developed in Dunfermline, Scotland; and according to this scale children are classified and differentiated. The use of this method of grading the children according to their condition has brought twice as many children as before under the care of school physicians and nurses.

One of the purposes of the camp at South-

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fields, near Tuxedo, is not only to benefit these particular hundred and fifty boys, but to observe them and note the consequences for the benefit of scores of hundreds of other children. There are probably a hundred thousand children in New York City whose state of nutrition needs attention.

No one who looks at the picture, printed on another page, of the boys being weighed at that camp can well fail to notice that there is not much flesh on those boys' bones. Three-quarters of a pound apiece, which was the average gain for the first two weeks of the camp, means a good deal. And malnutrition means not merely lack of flesh, but that lack of vitality that shows itself in mental and moral results. The good food, the fresh air, the sanitary conditions, are all reinforcements to moral instruction. The boys in the other picture who have on the boxing-gloves are learning something about fairness that it is hard for boys to learn when they are underfed and encounter one another with their bare fists on the streets.

In the work of this camp a New York newspaper, the "Globe," has been co-operating with the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor by giving publicity to the venture. This is a piece of good work that ought to have the co-operation of the public-spirited everywhere.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH CHEMIST

Sir William Ramsay, recognized as one of the world's greatest chemists and scientific thinkers, died in his sixty-fifth year on July 23. His experiments and discoveries relating to the character and changes of atoms and the possibilities connected with certain little-known chemical substances have done more than any other series of investigations to open the door to further discovery and to alter certain chemical theories formerly accepted without reserve.

When in 1907 it was announced that Sir William Ramsay had succeeded, through the use of radium, in producing a copper combined from sodium, lithium, and potassium, sensationalists declared that this really meant the transmutation of metals, and that there was no reason why there should not follow results making true the dream of ancient alchemists that gold might be made from other metals. The real importance of the discovery was not in any such conceivable result (for, as Sir William said, even if it were possible to make gold out of lead, the cost would be prohibitive), but in making clear new lines of investigation and new theories of chemical action.

Above all things, Sir William believed in synthetic chemistry, and in its application to problems relating to commerce and to the life and comfort of the people. He said, for instance, "The work of the modern synthetic chemist now involves the saving of untold millions of dollars to the present and future generations." There is no question that Ramsay was a man of high scientific imagination and boldness of thought. His utterances did not always convince his fellow-chemists, but they always set scientific men thinking. The list of honors received by Ramsay is a long one. Most noted among them was the award to him in 1904 of the Nobel Prize in chemistry.

THE NEW ITALIAN CABINET

Now that the Italian papers published since the formation of the new Cabinet have reached this country, we can see how much the Cabinet means both to the prosecution of the war and to the unity of Italy.

In the first place, Paolo Boselli, the Prime Minister, stands for the historic welding of the provinces into modern Italy. Seventy-eight years old, he well remembers the heroic days of 1859–60, when, under such, leaders as Cavour and Garibaldi, Italy threw off most of the Austrian yoke. Signor Boselli was a man grown when, in 1866, Italy threw off the rest. He has long been Professor of Law at the University of Pisa, as well as Senator. In 1887 Premier Crispi made him Minister of Public Instruction, and he was thereafter a member of a number of ministries, including that of Baron Sonnino in 1906.

Now ex-Premier Sonnino is Foreign Minister under Boselli, and this is fortunate for Italy, insuring a continuance of Signor Sonnino's astute guidance of foreign affairs, which was the chief feature of the outgoing Salandra Cabinet. Sidney Sonnino is the right man in the right place. His mother was English, and he was educated at Oxford. He has thus an Englishman's "cold head" and an Italian's warm heart. He has been justly called the best-equipped Italian statesman in our generation.

After these two names, the most notable is that of Leonida Bissolati, the leader of the Reformed Socialists, who becomes Minister without portfolio. From the outbreak of

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the European war he was insistent upon Italian intervention, and when Italy finally declared war against Austria he urged in all his speeches in Parliament the necessity of declaring war against Germany also. His influence is already seen in the Government's action now taken in proclaiming that Austria's allies are to be considered as Italy's enemies. The new Cabinet thus differs from the old in being more frankly anti-German.

If the presence of a Socialist in the Cabinet indicates that it is a "Ministry of all the Talents," so does the presence of the Catholic leader Filippo Meda, just as in the French Cabinet the Catholic leader M. Denys Cochin sits alongside a Socialist colleague. But in Italy the event has a unique merit because for the first time in the history of the Kingdom a Catholic leader enters the Cabinet. Thus the Papal policy which three years ago permitted Catholic electors to go in thousands to the polls would seem to have advanced a step further. Signor Meda, who has apparently been regarded with great sympathy by the Vatican, repeatedly led the Catholic group in favor of a strong support of the war. He is a distinguished economist, and appropriately becomes Minister of Finance.

Though Italy is a Kingdom, a Republican, Ubaldo Comandini, becomes one of the new Ministers "without portfolio," thereby emphasizing the Cabinet's all-embracing character quite as much as do the two preceding statesmen. It is somewhat amusing, however, to note that, despite the national crisis, the Italian Republican party has deemed it prudent to publish a manifesto declaring that in the new Cabinet Signor Comandini represents himself only.

Indeed, in this very large Ministry of nineteen members, all the groups in Parliament, save only the impossible Revolutionary Socialists, are represented. It is thus a far-reaching coalition, and it will doubtless have the unwieldy weaknesses as well as the moral strength of all coalitions. As five of the former Ministers remain, there will be some safeguarding of continuity of action, and, as there is an abundance of new blood, there will be an assurance of a wider response, when necessary, to national and international needs. As the "Corriera della Sera" says, according to our translation:

> The Italian people are in line with the Allied peoples in a common struggle towards a common end, perhaps still distant, but no longer unassured. This national Ministry, coming to power at the dawn of better days, ought ardently to desire to guide with vigorous hand throughout the whole of the war to the conclusion of peace. . . . We have faith that the work of the new Government will meet the great exigencies of the moment and the hopes of all.

This will find an echo in America.

JOB, THE PSALMS, AND DR. HAMLIN

We shall very soon have to test the first part of the twentieth verse of the fifth chapter of Job, and still sooner, even now, of the last of Psalm xci. 3. What a blessing to have a God who is true and able! Lots of love to you all. Dr. Hamlin's famous mixture in demand here.

This message comes on a post-card from a nurse in Turkey.

The first part of the twentieth verse of the fifth chapter of Job reads, "In famine he shall redeem thee from death."

The last part of the third verse of the Ninety-first Psalm follows the expression, "For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler;" and adds, "And from the noisome pestilence."

The mixture referred to is a medicine used in cholera cases.

Thus the post-card reveals the fact that there is famine and cholera in Turkey.

But it may also refer to the seizure of missionary property in Asia Minor by the Turks and the deportation of American missionaries, especially from Anatolia College, at Marsovan, the largest of the American Board's (Congregational) stations, and founded over half a century ago. The property at Marsovan consists of about thirty-seven acres of land; six large college and girls' school buildings, and the foundations of two more well above ground; a fine hospital and dispensary; a department for deaf and dumb children; a large shop with wood-working and iron-working rooms and a flour-mill; thirteen residences and many smaller structures; a library of ten thousand volumes; and a museum with seven thousand objects—the whole exceeding $200,000, besides the personal property of six American families and five other individuals.

The Rev. Dr. George E. White, President of the College, has now arrived in this country. He has reported that the Turkish authorities seized the entire property, and that the missionaries, after having been placed under guard, were ordered to leave within twenty-four hours under escort. This occurred on May 16. The pretext was that

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the United States and Germany were at war, and when this was disproved military necessity was urged, though there had been no fighting within a hundred and fifty miles of Marsovan. The missionaries were obliged to leave their houses unsealed and their goods unregistered.

Evidently a new policy towards Americans has been put in force, for the same programme has been carried out at Sivas, Mardin, and Talas. All this is poor requital for the civilizing work America has done for Turkey. We look for a vigorous protest from our State Department to the Turkish Government.

MEDIÆVAL PRISON METHODS IN NEW YORK

That prisoners under punishment in the Onondaga County Penitentiary, near Syracuse, New York, have been wearing chains weighing from twelve to sixteen pounds for months at a time, and as a further punishment have been thrust into dark cells for from a few hours to seventeen days, comes as a serious shock to citizens of the Empire State who believed that the State prison reforms of recent years have abolished the barbarous penal practices of the past.

The Onondaga case is especially serious, because this penitentiary is only a county prison, and the Prison Commission, which on the official representations of the Prison Association of New York, held a thorough investigation during May and June, affirmed that short-term prisoners in this prison were treated more harshly than long-term prisoners in State prisons. Added to the penalty of chains riveted to the bodies of prisoners who had attempted to escape was the severe additional punishment of being obliged to wear the chains for months at a time, "day and night," which means, of course, even when sleeping and bathing. Slaves in pre-Rebellion times could hardly have shown greater evidences of man's physical inhumanity to man. And in the dark, dungeon-like punishment cells, eight feet deep, of which seven feet were below the ground, prisoners received one slice of bread a day, but, apparently by some miscarriage of *in*justice, were allowed an abundance of water, probably because of faucets permanently fixed in the cells. A punishment hardly secondary in ultimate severity was "standing on the crack," which, according to the report of the Prison Commission, "consists of placing the prisoner on a line in the cement floor in the cell hall, with arms folded, facing the wall for a period within the discretion of the superintendent or assistant superintendent, which ranges from a short time to a whole day." That other of the wretched mechanical procedures of a time rapidly disappearing still existed at the Onondaga County Penitentiary, such as the prohibition of talking at meals, lack of possession by the prisoners of any list of rules to be obeyed, negligence of physical examination of prisoners, absence of any recreation for prisoners, discouragement of reading, and the like, was to be expected.

In short, the Onondaga institution has been a survival out of the past that—we may be devoutly thankful—looms up in the present scathing report of the Prison Commission as already a wretched deviation from the trend of humane treatment of prisoners that Americans are proud to encourage throughout our land.

That Superintendent Markell should be removed was the first recommendation of the Prison Commission, with which we emphatically agree. Cruel and unusual punishments to-day are different from those of former generations, and accepted or tolerated severities and injustices of even a decade ago will no longer be "stood for" by public opinion—a fact that some prison administrators evidently must learn by summary removal. We wonder, also, how many other county institutions in New York or other States may display a similar record on thorough investigation?

SWITZERLAND, THE PRISONERS' PARADISE

The Outlook has already chronicled the splendid success attained by the Agence Internationale des Prisonniers de Guerre, at Geneva, in obtaining the speedy forwarding of mail and other articles between the prisoners held in France or Germany and their families. But Switzerland has done another equally important service for the prisoners. That mountainland has become a refuge to the wounded and ill among them.

Some time ago the French and German Governments agreed to take advantage of Swiss hospitality, by transferring ill and wounded prisoners to be examined by Swiss doctors and interned in Switzerland. The French "tubercular camp" at Leysin is already famous. Inspired by this example, Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Minister,

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applied to Mr. Page, our Ambassador at London, to use his influence with our Ambassador at Berlin, Mr. Gerard, to see if a similar arrangement could not be made as to British and German wounded and invalid prisoners. The German Government consented, and a list of diseases, infirmities, and the results of wounds was agreed upon as rendering prisoners eligible for internment in Switzerland. This list is an extensive one and includes all conditions resulting from disease or wounds causing complete unfitness for military service for a year.

To insure a loyal execution of these conditions, England and Germany pay the compliment to Switzerland of agreeing that the prisoners, places of internment, and hospitals shall be inspected by Swiss medical men. Of course, each Government defrays the expenses of internment of its nationals, and each Government undertakes to hand back to the Swiss authorities any prisoner who escapes. The final decisions concerning persons provisionally passed for removal to Switzerland are taken by the Prisoners' Exchange Commissions of both sides.

The Swiss papers at hand report the impressions which the British prisoners made in their journey from the German frontier to Château d'Oex, in the Gruyère Valley, where they are interned—the German prisoners coming from England through France to Lyons, and so to Switzerland. According to the "Journal de Genève," the British made a most favorable impression, being heartily welcomed at the railway stations along their route in German as well as French Switzerland. They were not so voluble as the French prisoners, the "Journal" remarks; but, if one supposed them not as appreciative, he had but to observe their moist and glistening eyes, which spoke volumes. The British Minister at Bern accompanied the first train-load to Château d'Oex, an ideal summer or winter home in that upper valley, famous the world over for its cheese, its scenery, and the worth of its people.

CURRENT EVENTS IN THE BIRD WORLD

A bulletin sent by the American Forestry Association reminds us that in the bird world July is the month of transition. It is a time when, though many species of birds are still nesting, others have already begun to prepare for their journeys to the South. The swallows and the blackbirds have already gathered into flocks, the former congregating most frequently on the telegraph and telephone wires along the lake shores, and the latter assembling in great concourses in the tops of evergreens and in the marshes. Most of the birds have now completed their family duties, save for those, like the house wren, which are starting hopefully to raise a second family. The waxwings and the goldfinches, however, perhaps in imitation of modern marriage customs, are, at this late date, just beginning to build their nests.

July is a particularly good time for those who are interested in bird life to show their friendship for their bird neighbors. This year the weather seems to be a law unto itself, but generally the standing pools of water and even springs begin to go dry under the influence of the July sun. When the little watercourses vanish, the birds desert the dry hillsides and the gardens where no water is available, and move down to the borders of the larger streams and into the moist woodlands. Then is the best time to begin putting out water for the birds, if this has not already been done. A bird bath will not only retain the birds already there, but will attract many others. If a tiny stream of running water can be found to plash an invitation to the birds, so much the better; but, if not, even a shallow pan in which the water is replenished will be serviceable and welcome. It must be less than an inch deep on the side at which the birds are expected to enter, and the bottom must not be slippery. A sloping stone fringed with moss is, perhaps, the best and most acceptable substitute that can be found for the gradual banks of a natural pool.

FROM A NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

The following letter from the Mexican border has come into our hands. The writer is the son of a prominent New York business man, and is an enlisted member of a New York National Guard regiment now detailed for Mexican duty:

> You have bought real estate in many parts of the country; but if you ever bought any here one would think you had lost your mind.
>
> This is the most forsaken country the Lord ever made. We ought to clean Mexico up, and for punishment make them take back this part of Texas.
>
> There seems to be nothing of importance happening or any outlook for a fight, at least not

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until we are back in New York again. There is much talk about our return; but I guess we are due here for at least six months.

We are six miles from the Rio Grande, and I expect we will move down there within a week for a short stay. They are working us very hard to get us in shape. Thank God, we didn't go straight into Mexico, for half of us would have been dead by this time.

I read in the newspapers of the wonderful things we have to eat. I wish some of those reporters were living here for a week. They don't give us half enough. This noon, after working all morning in the sun, having had at six o'clock a piece of bacon and bread, they gave us one piece of bread with maple syrup on it and a cup of lemonade.

They have things at the depot for us to eat, but because certain blanks were not filled out things cannot be issued until those are received from New York by mail.

The other day, when we got our meat, it wasn't fit to eat, and had to be thrown away. This is a fine training for all in charge; but they ought to brace up, for, if we go into Mexico, we won't have time, as we have here, to straighten things out, and unless they do, believe me, I would rather stay on this side of the border.

I haven't the slightest idea when we will return, but when we do there won't be any Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventy-first left. Every one is going to get out as soon as possible. I hear it on all sides.

We print this letter in full, not because it portrays any special hardships—for the soldier's life is necessarily one of hardships—but because the young man who wrote it, both by training and experience, knows what efficiency is, and his letter is an illuminating comment upon the efficiency of trying to Federalize the National Guard under the present inefficient law. We do not think that either the enlisted men, the officers of the militia, or the officers of the regular army are to blame for the present situation. Congress and the President are the men who are responsible. Military experts have been telling the country for a long time that to try to create a National army out of forty-eight separate State units is folly. The only way to produce an efficient army is to really Nationalize it. State police should be substituted for the National Guard organizations of the various States, and the entire National Guard should be put under Federal authority and direction. This, we think, is not only the sentiment of military experts, but is the sentiment of the enlisted men, as is indicated in the last paragraph of the above letter.

TWO YEARS OF WAR

When Germany sent her ultimatum to Belgium precisely two years ago from the day on which this issue of The Outlook is dated, her public writers and her military chiefs made no secret of their expectation that German soldiers would be in Paris in three or four months. Now, after two years have passed, no German military expert would dare predict that victory would be won in six months. On the contrary, it is Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, who ventures, perhaps rather rashly, the assertion that British resourcefulness and intelligence are going to win a sweeping victory "in a few months;" while from Germany come, week after week, hints of peace desired. The change measures indirectly the reversal of position between the Allies and the Central Powers; the former are now on the offensive, the latter on the defensive.

He would be indeed audacious who should try to predict the future course of the war; but there are certain indications which give heart and courage to those who believe that in the ultimate defeat of German autocracy and militarism lies the hope of democracy and of international peace.

In the first place, the bare fact that two years have elapsed without victory to either side is in itself an indication of probable German failure. Germany's one strong hope was in rapidity of action; she struck blow upon blow at chosen points, instantly, incessantly, and regardless of Belgium's rights or the law of nations. How nearly she broke through the French and English defense two years ago this summer only those know who have studied the events from August 2 to the Battle of the Marne, a month later. With her completeness of preparation and her unscrupulousness as to method Germany meant to break down her western enemies once and for all before Russia became formidable on the east. She all but succeeded; but she failed—and since then the logic of time and mass have been with the Allies. The danger then was that the Allies would throw away that advantage by rashness. That they have not done so is largely due to General Joffre's patience, wisdom, and endurance. The Allies have individually made serious errors—Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara, for instance; they have been forced to see Belgium and Servia overrun;

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they have been obliged to build munition factories, instruct workmen, and wait many months for the war provision which Germany had at the outset. But they have held fast against attack in the west; they have yielded ground in the east only when short of munitions; they have gained strength and skill; and now at last they are tightening the iron circle around their enemies and making war on the large scale. August, 1916, as compared with August, 1915, is full of hopefulness for the Allies.

Again, in the conduct of the war for the last year there has been a clearly visible gain in harmony and unity of action among the Allied nations. They no longer strike out independently; they are evidently following a common plan. The military and governmental conferences held frequently at Paris and London have not been in vain. The British and French offensive now going on is a marvel of joint action on the smaller scale, while on the larger scale Russia's great drive along the eastern front echoes back the Allies' offensive in the west. The end is not yet; but the German and Austrian lines have been drawn in, and their generals are evidently finding it harder and harder to rush reserve forces to the weak spots.

What is the actual situation after two years of war? Unless figures of population and of comparative loss in battle are totally untrustworthy, Germany is constantly, though slowly, growing weaker relatively. And what we must consider is not the possible length of the war (it may last six months, or a year, or more), but the trend of events and the final probabilities.

At sea Germany has risked one serious engagement, and has been driven back to port, leaving Great Britain still mistress of the North Sea. The naval losses were large on both sides; but, assuming them to be about equal, the result would be a relative German defeat, because Great Britain's total sea power is so much greater.

Austrians and Bulgarians have overrun and occupied Servia; but a brave Servian army (130,000, reports say) has been succored and reconstituted by the Allies, and is now with them near Salonika; altogether, the Allies have perhaps 600,000 men on the Salonika front; any day we may hear of such an advance on the railway line between Bulgaria's capital and Constantinople as may prove to be the third great offensive of the Allies.

Russia's blows against the Austrian armies in the south and the German armies in the north have been powerful and continued; even Hindenburg and Linsingen have wavered before them. Russia, it is true, has not recovered this summer all the ground she lost a year ago, when she was devoid of munitions; but there is reason to think that she is now ready to hold what she gains and to exert in the east pressure, inflexible and increasing, which shall threaten Germany's military security.

France, in her defense of Verdun, has astonished the world by her valor. No one has heard hints of peace from Paris. The watchword there is Joffre's "They shall not pass."

Great Britain, with all her political bickering, has gone on steadily building up a fighting force of over two million men, and at home her workmen and her workwomen have so thrown themselves into the munition work that even the insatiable Lloyd George has admitted that the present rate of production is sufficient if it be kept up.

In short, unless all ordinary methods of reasoning are at fault, the end of two years of war sees the Allies in a better and stronger condition; they are aggressive, encouraged, and at last prepared. Germany, on the other hand, is more and more "a nation besieged," cut off from normal sources of supply, not exhausted yet, but apparently in danger of gradual exhaustion as the war continues.

ENGLAND'S BLACKLIST

By drawing up and publishing a list of eighty-two firms and individuals in America with whom British subjects are forbidden to transact business the British Government has not undertaken any new policy. It has simply applied in this specific way a policy that is nearly as old as the present war. Indeed, fundamentally it has merely applied a principle which is generally observed in all great wars.

The question whether Great Britain has done well or ill to publish this list (which consists very largely of German names) is a question not of right but of expediency.

On the outbreak of war trade between the countries at war with each other almost automatically ceases. Weapons of modern warfare consist, not merely of cannon and bombs, but also of the less substantial weapons of

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commercial pressure. The government of a nation at war must use these less substantial weapons if it is to employ all its resources against the enemy; and therefore in the present war the governments of the various belligerent nations took steps to see that trade with their respective enemies was made not only difficult but unlawful. One of the things that Austria did, for example, was to forbid Austrian concerns from paying dividends on stock held in enemy hands. So, soon after the outbreak of war, the British Parliament passed a law known as the Trading with the Enemy Act. This prohibited specifically British subjects from trading with the enemy, and it was later extended so as to prohibit any person doing business in Great Britain from trading with Great Britain's enemies or with persons having "enemy association" in any part of the world.

This, of course, is a domestic law governing British subjects and people residing or having their business within British jurisdiction. Though the United States Government at the time reserved the right to protest in case this law, when applied, infringed the rights of people in America, we have seen nothing to indicate that this law or its enforcement violates any principle of international law or any treaty. Indeed, such a law as this is simply the exercise of the same right the government exercises when in war time it lays an embargo on exports. The fact that such an embargo may injure neutrals does not lessen the right of the government to use this form of trade weapon. If, indeed, the government of a nation thinks that free commerce in certain articles would be injurious to the nation, there appears to be no doubt that it may lay an embargo on those articles even in times of peace. If, for example, we may prohibit our citizens from selling arms to Mexicans, as we have done, though we are at peace with Mexico, because we feared that those arms would be used by a faction in Mexico to our injury, there seems to be no reason why we may not specify the individuals in Mexico to whom our citizens may not sell anything because we believe that any trade with them may be turned to our injury. Of course, if we could do that with regard to Mexico, with whom we are at peace, the British may do that with regard to Germany, with whom they are at war. And since modern trade is complicated, the British Government is simply exercising its right as a nation in forbidding British subjects from doing indirectly what they have been forbidden to do directly.

This order of the British Government restricting the trade of British subjects for their own protection is not only the application of the embargo principle, but also an application of the principle of protection. By the imposition of tariff duties the United States restricts the trade of its own citizens, because of the belief that by restricting it the nation as a whole is benefited. The principle of protection is the same whether the restriction of trade is secured through tariff duties or through other means. We Americans who avow the protective doctrine and practice it cannot very well deny to other countries the right to avow and practice the same doctrine.

What Great Britain has done, moreover, in publishing this blacklist has been simply to make public and specific a practice which for months has been quiet and general. Indeed, in some respects, France has been much more sweeping in its law against trading with the enemy than Great Britain has been.

When, however, all that can be said has been said in explanation of the right of Great Britain to prevent her subjects from trading with their country's enemies or those who are acting for her enemies or in the interest of her enemies, there still remains the question whether Great Britain is wise in undertaking to exercise this right in just this way. Will the harm that she does to her enemy be greater than the injury she may bring upon herself? This injury may not be measured merely in terms of pounds and shillings or tons of freight, but also in terms of friction between friendly governments, in unfriendliness, suspicion, restiveness against the arbitrary use of power. This question will become particularly acute if this boycott against firms that trade with the enemy should be extended so as to become a boycott against those who trade with those who trade with the enemy. The fact that Great Britain controls transatlantic shipping gives her a power to enforce such a secondary boycott; but that very fact should lead her to act with caution. If Great Britain is wise, she will not exercise her power so arbitrarily as to make Americans feel too deeply their country's lack of an adequate merchant marine. Americans need to have that lesson enforced; but it will not be the part of wisdom for Great Britain to enforce it.

It might be well, too, for the British Gov-

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ernment to realize that the boycott is a dangerous weapon. The Irish and the labor union men ought to approve it, because it means governmental indorsement of an implement of warfare invented by Irish leaders and used by labor unions. Capitalists, on the other hand, if they are consistent, ought to condemn it, because it is the indorsement of an implement of warfare which capitalists generally have condemned. The fact, however, that the boycott is a dangerous weapon, is no reason why it should not be used, though it is a very good reason why it should be used with extreme caution.

Human sympathy is a force that is as real as money or gunpowder. Germany has failed to appreciate its value, to her infinite cost. It is because Americans have been, on the whole, sympathetic with the cause of the Allies that they have virtually acquiesced in practices by the Allies—such as the detention of mails—which were much more questionable than the use of this boycott. It would be a pity if, through a lack of understanding of the state of mind of a neutral and friendly people, Great Britian should sacrifice a larger good for a lesser one.

Any misunderstanding arising from this incident would be the more deplorable because it would detract attention from the main issue of the war, which is one of idealism and liberty against materialism and military autocracy.

QUIETNESS AND STRENGTH

The man of varied and great interests who said he could do twelve months' work in ten months, but that he could not do it in twelve months, expressed the conviction as well as defined the practice of a great number of the leading men of affairs in this country.

Vacations used to be regarded as an interference with work, a luxury indulged in by people who did not understand the real value of life; but since Americans have become an out-of-door people and have grown more intelligent in matters of hygiene, the vacation has taken its place in the working year as a part of the regular order of things. If for no other reason, a vacation is essential in this noisy modern life because it makes quietness possible; and quietness provides the condition out of which both clear-sighted action and clear thinking issue. The world associates quietness with the preparation of prophets and religious teachers for their work. As a matter of fact, it is a preparation which all great workers secure in some form.

Kipling, in describing three or four great British soldiers he had known, commented on their extraordinary quietness. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were shining examples of men whose lives are stamped by intensity of action and quietness of temper. The showy, vociferous soldier has generally more of the journalist than of the successful leader in him. There are, and have been, great fighters who have the gift of making the telling phrase; but that gift does not necessarily go with the telling action. Wellington, like Roberts, was a small man and a quiet one, to whom boasting of every kind was intensely distasteful. When a very old man, he was once crossing the Strand, and a man on the sidewalk, seeing him in the tangle of buses and vehicles, ran out, caught his arm, and hurried him to safety on the opposite side of the street. Wellington thanked him; and then his helper burst into a eulogy, explaining that the greatest joy of his life was to have been of some use to the savior of England. Whereupon the Iron Duke said: "Thank you for your kindness; but don't be a damned fool."

General Grant was famous for his reticence, his dislike of any kind of ostentation, and avoidance of the tinsel of the military career. Mr. Joseph Jefferson used to delight in recalling a little incident in his own life. He was in the elevator of a New York hotel when a small man standing in the corner of the elevator, his face shaded by a soft hat, said to him, quietly: "Mr. Jefferson, I want to thank you for the pleasure you gave me last night in 'Rip Van Winkle.'" Jefferson, with characteristic geniality, held out his hand and expressed his appreciation, and then said, "But you have the advantage of me; I do not think I know you;" whereupon the little man said, "I am General Grant." Jefferson used to say that he left the elevator at the next floor for fear he might ask the little man whether he had been in the war!

General Nogi, whom the Japanese honor as one of their heroes, was a conspicuously quiet man, averse to every kind of parade or adulation; and it was almost impossible to believe that the Admiral Togo who went about this country so quietly and whose small stature made him so inconspicuous, could have been the chief figure in the daring naval exploits of the war with Russia. There are many effective men who take pleasure in

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chanting pæans to their own success; but the majority of men who carry great enterprises through, like the soldiers who have been named, are men of quiet temper.

Great soldiers are often represented as enjoying the tumult of war; as a matter of fact, they are usually lovers of peace, and their immense responsibility calms them in the most exciting moments. The man who directs a great battle under modern conditions rarely wears a glittering uniform. He is often miles away from the front, seated sometimes at a pine table set in the open, covered with telephones and telegraphic instruments, with a group of aides about him whose work is no longer to gallop, with glittering orders on their breasts, over bullet-swept fields, but to receive and transmit messages. On the table before him is a chart on which the position of every division is marked; and as the divisions change positions these changes are recorded, so that the eye of the commander-in-chief sees before him in miniature the movements of all the troops engaged at a distance. He is surrounded by quietness; and his mood is one of intense concentration.

Not only do great and vital conceptions of life issue from quietness, but great action and material achievement are born of the intensity of thought, the brooding concentration of mind, that are possible only in quietness. The uproar of cities, the noise of machinery, the tumult of great masses of men moving, are as the waves of the sea, which, in spite of their turbulence and force, are all on the surface; the deeps below them are rarely stirred. The more intense the activity of a man's life and the greater the uproar about him, the deeper is his need of places of silence and hours of quietness. For men burdened with heavy responsibilities the vacation is a necessity, not a luxury.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Many of the Eastern newspapers have fallen into the habit—and newspapers easily fall into bad habits—of speaking somewhat derisively of the so-called "Indiana school of writers." As a matter of fact, many of the writers born in Indiana have been unusually successful in awakening the interest of the country; and the reason is not far to seek. An Englishman who was an acute observer said, after a trip across the continent, that Indianapolis was the most American city he had discovered. He found in it an atmosphere of neighborliness, helpfulness, and democracy which quite charmed him. These qualities are largely characteristic of the people of the State. Add to them the fact that since its early history Indiana has had the advantage of almost numberless small collections of books of the best English writers in the school-houses of villages and hamlets, so that the ability to acquire the use of good English has been within the reach of almost every boy and girl in the State. For this reason, as well as because of the number of good writers, people of Indiana take an interest in literature which is both popular and genuine

James Whitcomb Riley, who recently died at his home in the capital of the State, had long been, not only a citizen of great prominence and importance, but an object of intense pride and affection on the part of the people of the State. For many years he has been a public figure of the foremost prominence. His birthday was celebrated last October by public exercises and with a public dinner. The whole State participated in the celebration, and the poet received a recognition such as has been accorded to few American writers of verse. His death, which was unexpected, although it followed a long illness, has evoked an expression of regret and regard which in volume and evident sincerity shows how deeply Riley had touched the heart of his people.

Curiously enough, although he had been so much talked about in the columns of the newspapers, Riley escaped the biographer. He was both shy and modest. His dislike for anything like publicity was instinctive and grew upon him; and there was considerable uncertainty in regard to some of the leading facts of his life. It is doubtful, for instance, whether any one knew exactly the year of his birth. He understood, apparently, the vast difference between newspaper publicity and fame; and while he could not have been indifferent to the latter, he was eminently successful in evading the former. If he had been asked the name of his school and college, he would undoubtedly have answered, "Indiana," for he had no early opportunities, as opportunities are commonly reckoned. He was born in Greenfield, Indiana. When his biography was written, he was greatly disturbed and did his utmost to suppress it. After much urging, he revised the proofs which were placed in his hands, but took out every specific state-

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ment and every date. In this fashion he gave it to the public; but after its publication he bought up the rights in the book and had it destroyed. In recent years, when he has been pressed to write his autobiography, his reply has been: "No, no; it seems too conceited." In this respect he stands in striking contrast to some of the lesser writers, both men and women, whose biographies, names, faces, habits of life, lie recorded for all the world to read on the pages of the Sunday newspapers. It is only just to remember, however, that in many cases the subjects of these sketches, impressions, and more or less apocryphal accounts are victims of journalistic enterprise rather than voluntary narrators of their own greatness.

Riley had little schooling, and set out early in life to earn his own living. Various stories of his early occupations have obtained credence. He is said to have peddled patent medicines, to have amused himself and interested others as a versifier at county fairs, to have been a sign and house painter; and he has even been charged with being the discoverer of the idea of painting signs on fences and barns. One day he dropped into the office of a weekly newspaper, and, failing to secure a regular position, turned his attention to contributing verses to the local journals. One of his early poems was widely accepted as an unpublished work of Poe. Afterwards Riley himself declared that the poem was the work of "a sign-painter named Riley." To the habit of writing occasional poems he added the occupation of a traveling actor, for which he had very decided talents. His readings, which became very popular, were notable for his unusual gift of dramatic characterization, for his effective facial expression, and for the pathos and sympathy which he could put into his voice. Sir Henry Irving is reported to have said that the American stage lost a great actor when Riley refused to make acting his life-work. Those who were fortunate enough to attend a dinner given to Mr. Aldrich in a New York club at which Riley, Eugene Field, and Bill Nye recited characteristic poems gained a very good idea of respective varieties of American humor.

In character and habit of life James Whitcomb Riley was the simplest of human beings. He never thought of himself, apparently, as a poet; he simply fell into the habit of writing verses because it was natural for him to use that form of expression. He was not in any sense the poet of democracy. He had no theories about his art; no consciousness, apparently, of any ambition to practice it in any particular way or for any special purpose. He never proclaimed himself the poet of the "democratic vista," as did Whitman, who regarded himself as the prophet of democracy, and who wrote half a dozen striking and really wonderful poems, but whose books are never seen in the hands of working people, and whose poems are rarely, if ever, recited by school-children.

Riley was in the only genuine sense a poet of the people. He not only wrote about them, but he wrote to them and for them; and no American poet, with the exception of Longfellow, has come so near the hearts of the people or has been so much loved and honored by children. He was a simple singer of familiar things; but familiar things seen with the poet's vision and described with the poet's feeling cease to be common things; and Riley was able to make things of the farm and of the village significant of human destiny. He never bothered himself with the philosophy of life; he never traveled for local color; he was apparently entirely uninterested in affairs of art; but he sang of childhood, of the flowers in the garden, of the secrets of the woods, all with that unconscious simplicity which is the ultimate aim of art.

It is idle to attempt to assign him to any particular place in the history of American poetry, to exactly define or describe his genius, to predict his position in the future; but in a poetic period of secondary inspiration, of devotion to the technical minutiæ of versification, or of lawless disregard of its traditions, Riley sang as the birds sang, because it was his nature to sing. He understood the poet's art; he understood and loved children because he stood in intimate personal relations to nature, not in the rough nor in the large, but as it unfolded the domestic life of the farm and the village. He had that unaffected and delightful humor which is never far from pathos, and he made himself the companion and neighbor of a host of people to whom poetry in its elaborate forms made no appeal. The author of "Knee Deep in June" will stand in no need of formal commemoration.

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WILL THE RURAL CREDITS LAW WORK?

BY PAUL V. COLLINS

For several years there has been an effort to put this country alongside the principal countries of Continental Europe in the matter of providing the farmer with a fair chance to borrow money. Without such a chance the farmer might have land and stock and other wealth, but could not use it in order to purchase the things that he needs to develop his property. One of the consequences in the United States can be seen in the fact that out of every five acres that could be cultivated only two are actually developed. For more than a generation farmers in Europe have had this chance, which has been denied to American farmers. In 1912 all three political parties pledged themselves to provide legislation for what is known as rural credits. The Democratic party was elected to power, and as a fulfillment there has just been enacted a Rural Credits Law. The ceremony (pictured on another page) with which the signing of the bill was accompanied indicated the importance which the President and his party attach to this law, officially known as the Federal Farm Loan Act.

The question remains, Will that law give the farmer the chance it professes to give him? Mr. Collins in this article shows why he thinks not. This is not to say that the law is no better than no law at all, for it does afford a beginning.

In what he says about this subject Mr. Collins is entitled to a hearing. For twenty-two years he has been publishing, in Minneapolis, the "Northwestern Agriculturist," and has made during all these years a special study of agricultural economics. On the initiative of farmers, he was the Progressive candidate for Governor of Minnesota in 1912.

The Rural Credits Law will undoubtedly be an issue in the campaign; but whether the law stands or falls, it marks the beginning of better business for farmers in America; and better business on the farm is just as important as better farming methods—important not only to the farmer, but to the whole Nation.

In The Outlook for June 28 Mr. Clarence Ousley explained the general principles on which rural credits legislation rests. Mr. Myron T. Herrick, former Governor of Ohio and former Ambassador to France, who has studied the European methods of rural credits and has long advocated a rural credits measure for this country, has expressed his opinion that there are several serious faults in the law that the President has just signed. In the following article Mr. Collins points out what he regards as a defect that will come very near to making the law unworkable.—THE EDITORS.

TO some people any proposition for special legislation for agriculture arouses suspicion of class favoritism, and hence is anathema.

Farm mortgage companies and "loan sharks" naturally oppose any Government interference, and join in a chorus whose refrain is: "All I axes is, let us alone." Yet sometimes even such develop human traits—when they cease to be money-loaners. I was told, for instance, by a managing editor of a standard magazine (not The Outlook) that he had personal knowledge of the enormities put upon needy farmers in some of the Western States, for he had once been connected with a Kansas mortgage firm, and had made a practice of charging twelve per cent interest and twenty-four per cent commission. He therefore, having become an editor, felt that something ought to be done about it. It all depends on the viewpoint.

The most audacious and "difficult" of all legislators is the compromiser who is so ready with his "all things to all men" that he seeks to adopt and combine all the remedies into one great party measure which, like a "shotgun quack nostrum," has enough ingredients to make sure that some one or two may fit the case—provided the others do not first kill the patient. In this classification must be put the authors (plural) of the Hollis Rural Credits Law, which President Wilson, on July 17, signed "with unfeigned emotion."

The new law provides two distinct systems, in competition with each other—co-operation among farmers *versus* joint-stock banks. The first is based upon voluntary co-operation of farm borrowers, creating their own machinery for credits, with the help and supervision of the Government. It is built from the top downward—from the Federal Land Board, comprising the Secretary of the Treasury, *ex officio*, and four other commissioners to be appointed by the President. The country is to be divided into twelve districts, in each of which will be one Federal land bank; a district will cover several States. Then farmer borrowers are to organize themselves into local co-operative credit unions, whose functions will be to pass

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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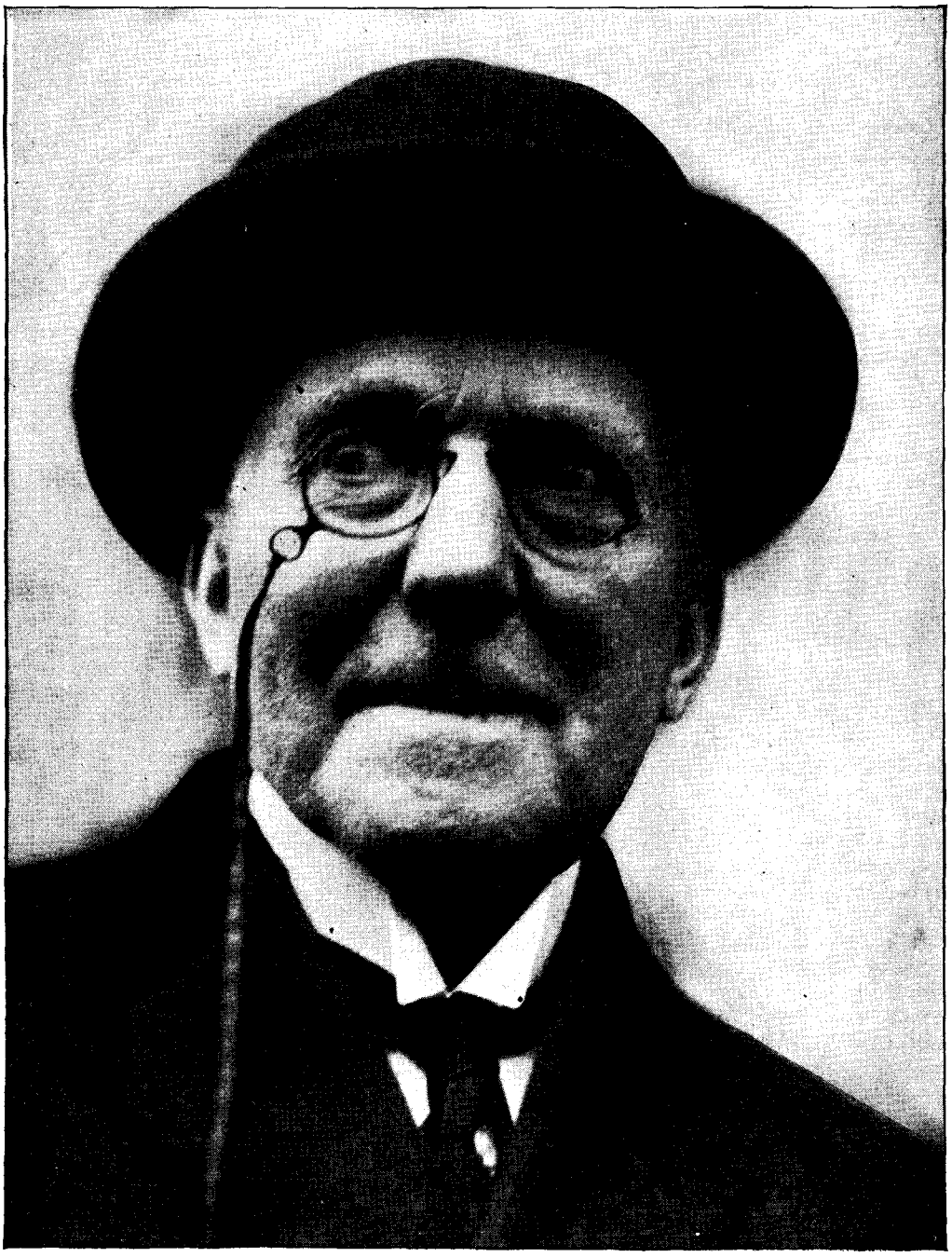
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Mr. Riley, the Indiana poet, died on July 22. See editorial pages

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A "NUTRITION CAMP"

This picture and that below are of scenes in the "Nutrition Camp" at Southfields, New York, carried on by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The boys pictured above are being weighed to find out what each has gained—an important part of the camp's work

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LEARNING HOW TO BOX

On another page will be found an account of the work for boys suffering from malnutrition in the Southfields camp in New York's Ramapo region

A NEW KIND OF BOYS' CAMP

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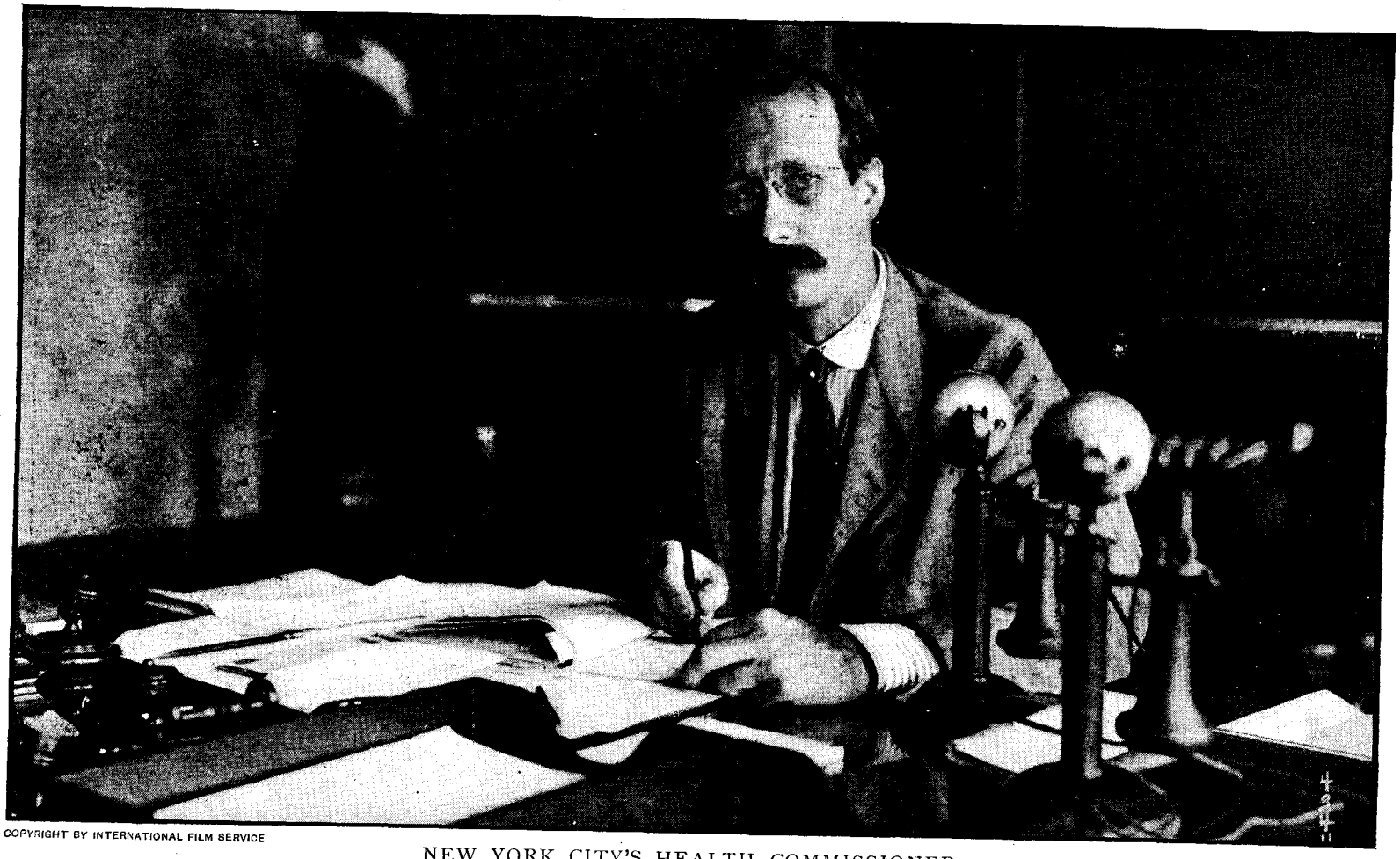

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NEW YORK CITY'S HEALTH COMMISSIONER

Upon Dr. Haven Emerson, as Commissioner of Health, New York City has depended largely in the war against infantile paralysis. This has been a war of investigation, publicity, warning, and advice; and Dr. Emerson has been tireless in this work

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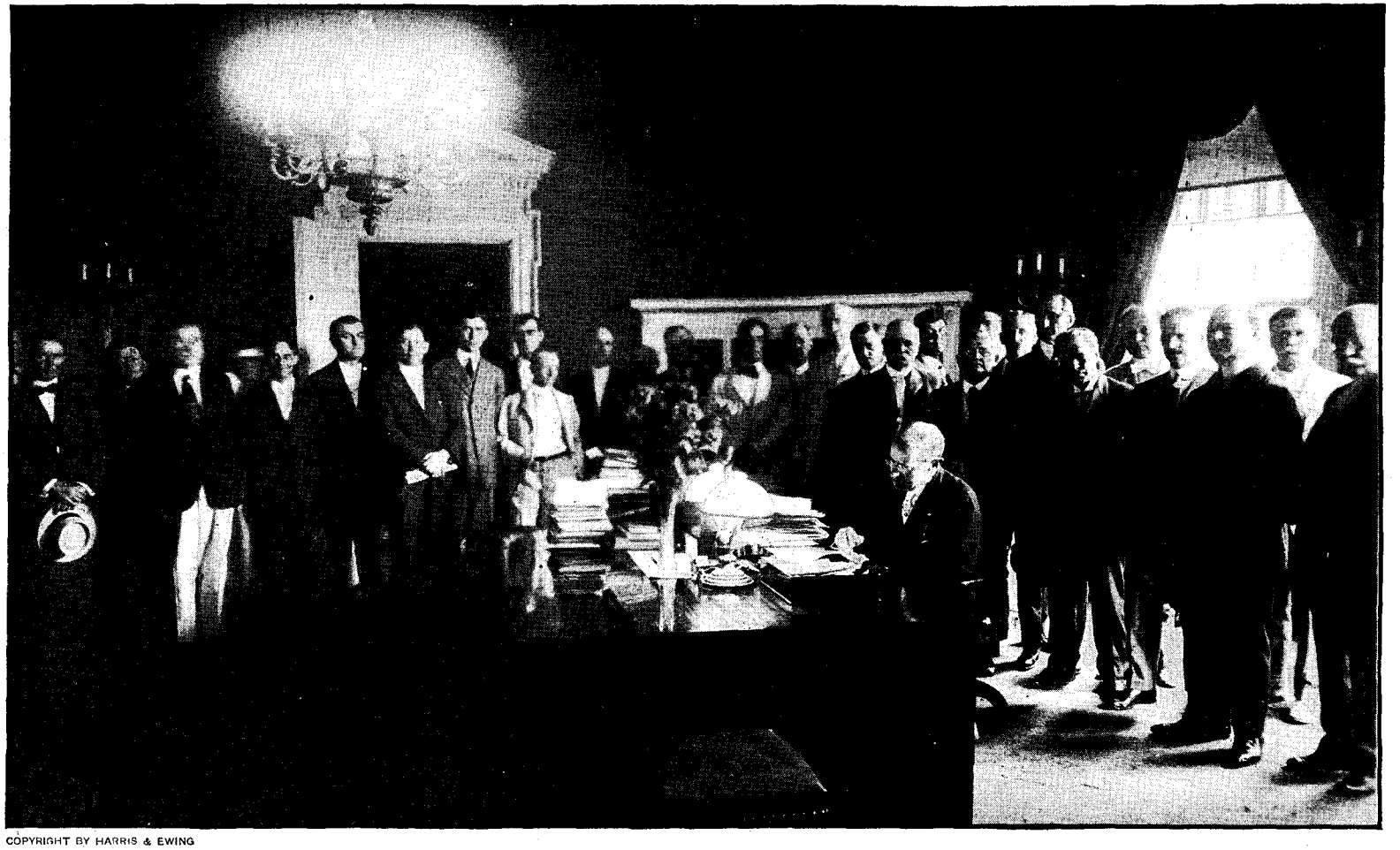

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PRESIDENT WILSON SIGNING THE RURAL CREDITS BILL IN THE PRESENCE OF PROMINENT PUBLIC OFFICIALS

Beginning from the right hand of picture, the fifth in the front row is Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, while standing directly in front of Secretary McAdoo is David Lubin, founder of the International Institute of Agriculture and one of the first to advocate rural credits legislation in America. The second person from the right is Clarence J. Owen, the Director of the Southern Commercial Congress. Representative Carter Glass, of Virginia, is seen at the corner of the President's desk to the right, and at the corner to the left is Senator Owen, of Oklahoma. See the article "Will the Rural Credits Law Work?" in this issue

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THE INMATES OF SING SING PRISON WELCOMING THE RETURN OF WARDEN THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

This picture shows an unusual prison celebration. The prisoners paraded about the prison yard in motley attire, carrying banners bearing legends expressing their delight at the vindication of the man they call "Tom Brown." An account of the celebration was printed in The Outlook last week

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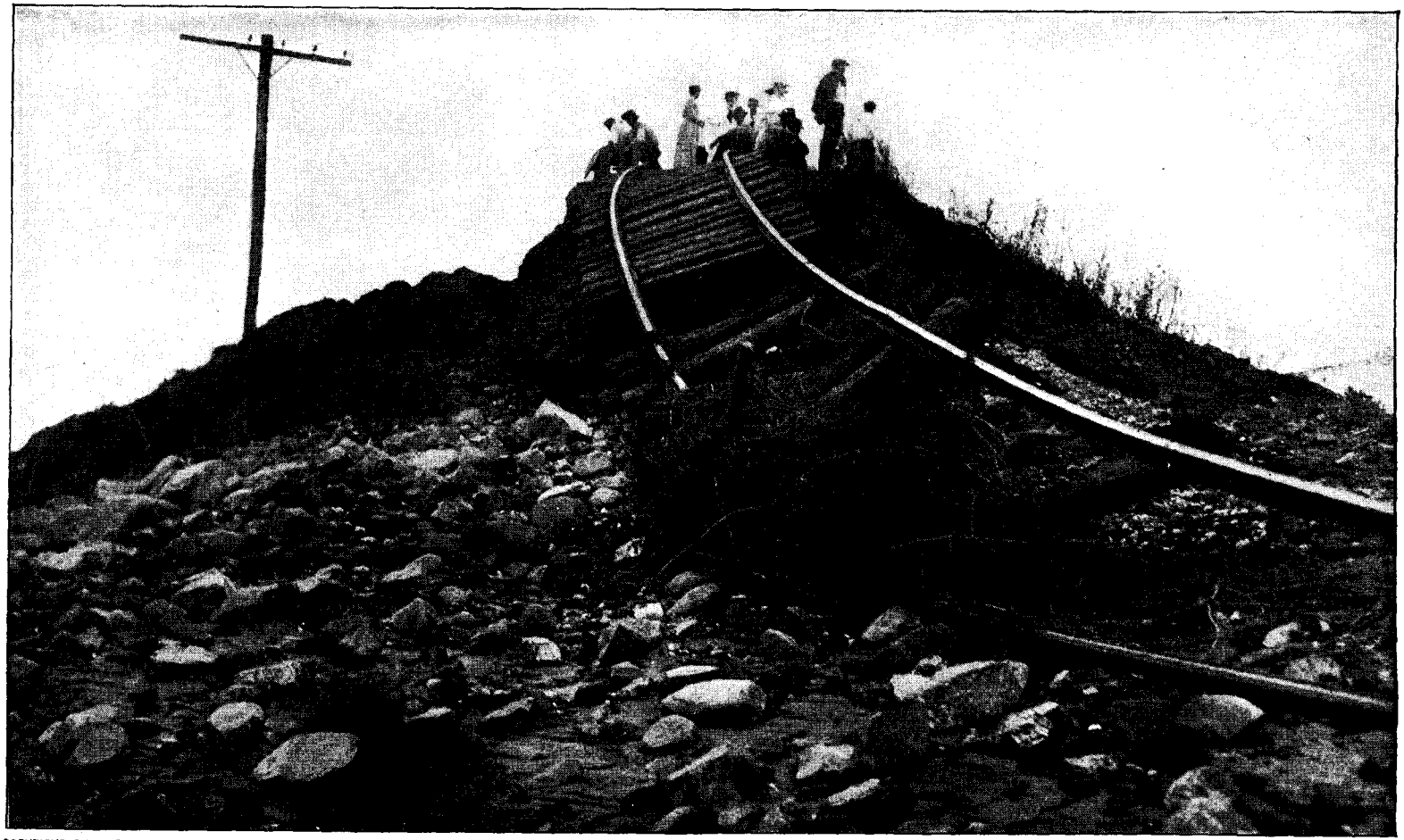

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TWISTED RAILS CAUSED BY THE RECENT GREAT FLOOD IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

This picture shows one result of the hurricane of wind and rain which raised the rivers and streams far above their banks, causing considerable damage to property and the loss of several lives in the States of Virginia and West Virginia and the Carolinas

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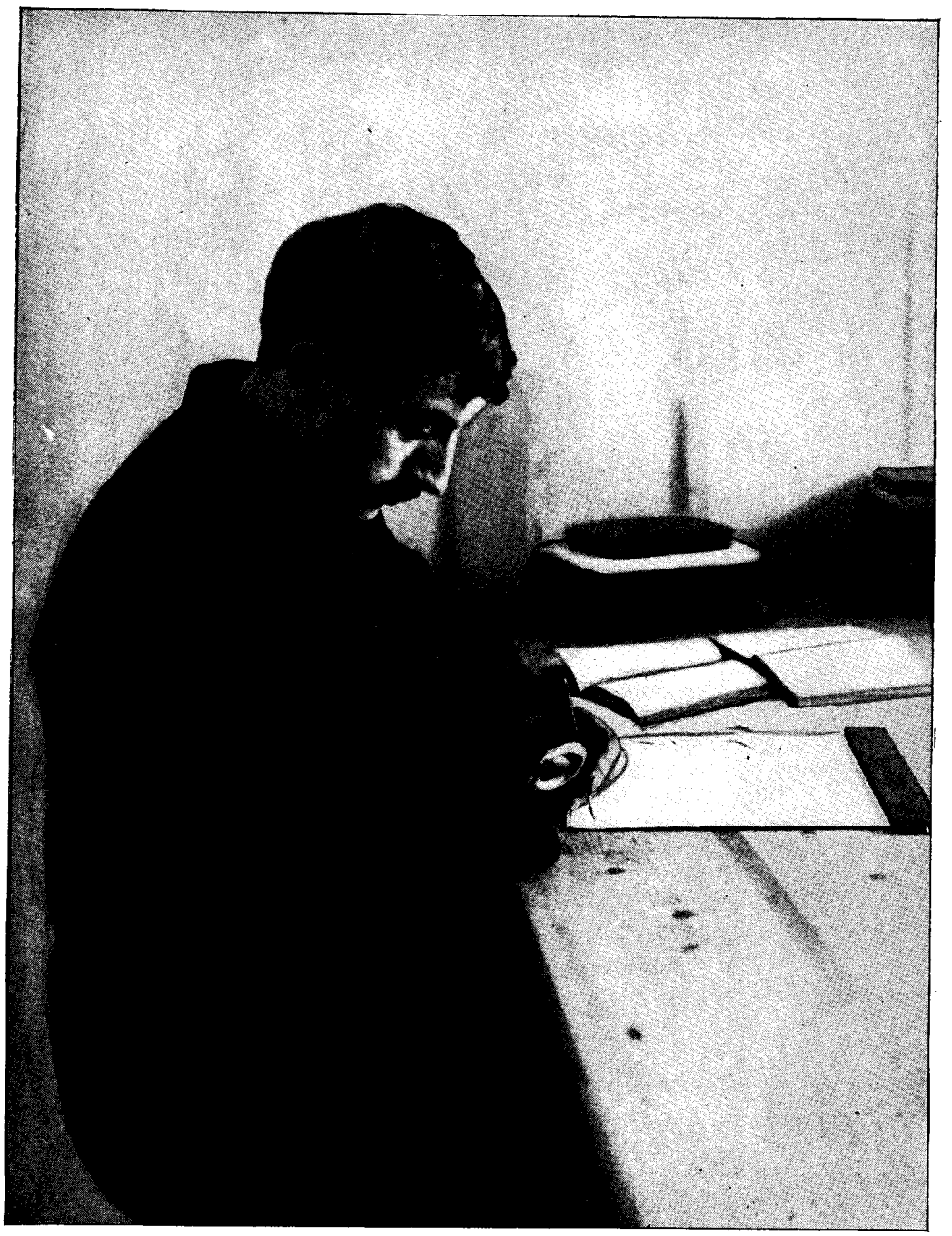

CARING FOR THE FRENCH WOUNDED

This wounded man is learning to become an accountant; and at the same time is learning to write with his left hand. In this connection, the reader will be interested in the letters from an American woman in France, the first installment of which appears in The Outlook this week

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on all applications of their own members for mortgage loans and to appraise the farms. After the property has been reinspected by an agent from the district Federal land bank, the loan will be made, for not less than five years nor more than forty years, requiring annual payments upon an amortization plan—that is, a plan which will pay off all the debt at the expiration of the term adopted. The land bank does not lend directly to the borrower, but lends to the local credit union; and the entire credit union becomes indorser of all loans made to its members.

Each borrower is obliged to use five per cent of his loan in purchasing stock in his credit union; and the union uses this money in purchasing an equal amount of stock in the district Federal land bank, which stock is held in trust by the bank as additional security with each mortgage. The stock purchase has a twofold purpose: first, it provides the capital for the bank; second, it makes every member liable for an amount equal to his original stock investment, and thus makes him jointly responsible for every loan made to his fellow-borrowers through his credit union. When a loan is repaid, the stock is taken up at par.

There is a popular misunderstanding as to the capital stock of the land banks. They are established with a capital stock of $750,000 each, but that is their minimum; there is no maximum limit. Their stock will grow with their increase of loans, always being at least five per cent of their total outstanding loans. Hence the system is elastic enough to take care of any amount of mortgages, providing investors will buy its bonds, based on the mortgages.

When the stock subscription books are opened and held open for thirty days to receive subscriptions of possible private investors (who will probably not invest, because they will have no voice in controlling the banks), the Government will then invest in all of the remaining stock. But after any of the banks has accumulated $100,000 surplus, a sinking fund of twenty-five per cent of all subsequent profits will be applied in taking up the Government stock until all of it is retired. The Government is to receive no dividends on its stock, though dividends will be paid to other stockholders (the borrowers), so that it is claimed that such dividends will offset the interest on the money invested in the stock by borrowers.

The twelve Federal land banks are to be made Government depositories for Government deposits to a total amount of $6,000,000 at any one time. Interest is to be paid by the banks at 2 per cent. It is erroneously thought that this amount is a Government donation. It is not; it is merely a deposit, and the deposit can never exceed $6,000,000.

The Postal Savings Board is authorized to invest (at its discretion) in the farm loan bonds, which will pay a higher rate of interest than Government bonds, and will be absolutely safe and certainly liquid. The bonds of any one of the Federal land banks are secured by first mortgages on farms worth at least double their face, and by the stock of the banks, and also by the joint interliability of the other eleven district Federal land banks, and—morally—by the Government itself as the principal stockholder.

The cogs of this co-operative machinery are milled to mesh with perfect reciprocal action; and, *if* no emery dust gets into the bearings or wrench is forgotten in adjusting the pulleys, the machine *ought* to grind out credits, accumulate farm mortgages on which to issue debentures which will attract investors' capital for further loans. As soon as a Federal land bank has loaned on mortgages $50,000 or more (out of its capital) it may sell bonds to an equal amount, secured in bulk by those mortgages. These bonds will bear an interest rate one per cent less than the rate paid by the mortgages. The one per cent difference is to cover overhead expenses of the bank and pay the Federal Board a salary of $10,000 for each Commissioner. The credit unions have only petty expenses, such as postage and stationery, and will assess their members to pay incidentals. It is expected that the bonds will bear 4½ per cent, and the mortgages 5½ per cent—exempt from taxes in all cases. A maximum interest on the mortgages is fixed at 6 per cent. Rates in different districts will differ according to their respective agricultural conditions.

Provision is made also in anticipation of the failure of farmers to organize into local credit unions, so that where there is no credit union the Federal land bank may appoint a local commercial bank as agent, for performing all the functions of the credit union. But that means that the commercial bank must appraise the farm, recommend and *indorse* the loan, and make the annual collections or foreclose the mortgage—all for a split of the one per cent margin between the interest rate

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on the mortgages and the bonds based on those mortgages. How many banks will handle mortgages for ½ per cent commission and assume such liability when they can provide their own funds from private sources and make their own terms?

Unless farmers form their co-operative credit unions and borrow through them, there will be no mortgages in the Federal land banks, and no bonds; and $9,000,000 of Government investment in the stock and $6,000,000 deposit will be idle in the vaults.

The inertia of farmers, their ineptitude for ready co-operation, in America, is familiar to everybody who is in touch with agricultural conditions. It will require time and education to persuade farmers to "get together" and indorse each other in their credit unions. So far the law is good in its co-operative features, requiring only the slow process of education to establish the system.

But now comes an open door for evading co-operative joint liability; for evading self-help through the stock investment; for evading the provision which makes it compulsory for the farmer who borrows at all to give a first mortgage, not redeemable by him in less than five years; for evading the prohibition to sell a farm, subject to the mortgage assumed by the buyer, without the consent of the credit union which indorsed the mortgage and of the distant Federal Land Bank. The law provides and plans for all these evasions of its co-operative conditions by establishing an independent, rival system of capitalistic joint-stock banks, without the group of restrictions which are put upon the co-operators.

These joint-stock banks will have no connection with the twelve district Federal land banks, and will sell their own bonds in competition with the bonds of the Federal land banks, thereby increasing the interest rate on bonds and dividing the loan field as to farm mortgages.

The financial interests have been active in influencing the modifications of the Hollis Bill, and in its present form may rest satisfied that its fangs are pulled and that it is as harmless as a peace dove. Legislation looking to co-operative independence of farmers has seemed to bankers "radical and dangerous." Americans boast of their freedom from the ultra-conservatism of the old monarchies of Europe; yet America is deeper in the rut of old fogyism, as regards united action for agricultural financial efficiency, than is any other civilized country upon the globe.

The key to permanent agricultural strength, to agricultural financing, to agricultural development, lies absolutely in co-operation of farmers themselves, and not in paternalistic "aid" of either the Government or of exploiting money-lenders. So long as the farmers are not enabled to put their own co-operative independence into practical use agricultural "aid" is like ill-timed charity given, without intelligent direction, to the casual mendicant in lieu of sincere helping of the weak to help himself. This is not an argument against the Government's investment in the stock of the farm banks, provided that investment be made only for the starting of a rational co-operative system, under favorable conditions for success. The newly enacted Hollis Law is a nondescript abortion—a mixture, a scheme to establish competition between two conflicting systems.

The joint-stock banks are amply safeguarded to protect their stockholders, but *not at all to protect the financially weak farmer who comes to them for a loan.* These banks will occupy the field and do business for all the profit possible, with scarcely any more restraint than exists to-day upon the "loan sharks" that are robbing agriculture of its birthright.

And yet the law is proclaimed as a great triumph of relief, a marvel of constructive legislation, a redemption of the Democratic pledge, a fulfillment of prophecy!

The joint-stock banks will not confine their loans to farmers; they will lend to anybody, for any purpose, provided the security is acceptable. They will do just what commercial banks do, except that they will make real estate mortgage loans. Their interest rate will be six per cent, and they will not be limited to five-year minimum terms, as are the co-operative credit unions and Federal land banks, with which they will be formidable competitors.

The joint-stock land banks will be in full operation within the next six months; for it requires only a bit of revision of the articles of incorporation and by-laws of any of the present farm mortgage companies to enable the same firms, somewhat fortified by bond-selling facilities, to continue to do business at the old stand, with increased power over the borrower.

It were hard enough to develop co-operative action among the individualistic farmers of America, even under the most favorable conditions; but such development cannot prosper against the self-interest of the joint-stock mortgage banks, occupying the choicest

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of the territory and leaving only the financial deserts to the credit unions. "This country cannot exist, half slave and half free," said Lincoln; neither can agricultural financing prosper with the overmastering capitalistic profit-seeking bank competing against the self-dependent but wholly unorganized co-operative credit unions, with all their entrammeling restrictions.

In what respect, then, is the condition of the borrowing farmer relieved? He is still as dependent as ever upon the exactions of the lender who is in business for profit, and whose keen appraisal of the borrower's desperation is the measure of his terms.

Why should we legislate for the benefit of farmers? Why should we open the door of the National Treasury to benefit a man who raises corn and cattle, unless we also make an equivalent donation to the butcher, the baker, and the merchant? Is not one class as much entitled to Government "aid" as the other?

Moreover, there are twice as many of us who live in town as live in the country. This disproportion was not always so, but it is now. See the Census taken every ten years. Keep on looking at that Census back through the decades. Lo, there was a time when there were more farmers than there were city folks! Then statesmen saw the need of encouraging "infant manufactures," and the protective tariff built up the city industries and city wages outdistanced the profits of the farm. So the ambitious farm boys left dad to milk the cows, while they got jobs with the Steel Trust or as bank presidents; and so many of them were thus mobilized in the city industries that now we find two mouths to feed where but one ate before, and the farms have twice as big a market as they had fifty or one hundred years ago.

Though there is no reason for aiding farmers as individuals, there is serious reason, as a Government policy, for aiding the production of food. An army that receives great reinforcements in its artillery and infantry, but none in its commissary department, will soon grow hungry, weak, and ineffective. America is inefficient in its commissariat, for its farm population is not growing in proportion to its city population. Where a century ago there were eighty persons producing food to twenty non-food-producers, now there are thirty-three producing and sixty-seven parasites, so far as food production is concerned.

Rural credits simply to "help farmers"! Nonsense! It is the hungry man in the city who will be most benefited by increasing food production, for of what is grown the farmer eats at the first table, and the city man gets the leavings. Oh, ye statesmen, increase the leavings, or we perish!

On the other hand, let us get a sane view of the alleged profits of farming. If farmers were rolling in wealth, as is often represented, why does that not make effective the orator's cry, "Back to the land"? The fact is that agriculture is not profitable, because it is inefficient—wasteful—to cultivate only two-fifths of the farm capacity, as is done. Farmers in some regions are taking joy rides in their automobiles; but careful surveys by the Agricultural Department disclose four facts which apply to the situation: (1) Sixty per cent of the tillable land is not in crop; (2) farm profits on the investment average 5 per cent or less; (3) farm tenants make more profit on their labor than do farm-owners, except that owners get the rise in land prices when they sell out; (4) the farms are carrying an interest burden of 8 per cent (which is over fifty per cent more than their earning power, and therefore unsound), and farm mortgages now amount to about $4,000,000,000, all of which must be refinanced within the next five years.

Three hundred and twenty million dollars is the heavy burden of interest which is laid on farm production. If it can be reduced from 8 to 5½ per cent, as claimed by the advocates of rural credits legislation, it will add $100,000,000 to the annual net profits of the 6,550,000 farms. This saving can be used in cultivating more acreage or raising more stock, which would give employment to more farmers, attracting them "back to the land."

The Hollis Law, however, is inadequate in that its co-operative system and its joint-stock bank system tend to neutralize each other.

It is further inadequate in that it reaches only landowners—not tenants, who are more numerous than owners; and it reaches only such owners as want mortgage loans for from *five to forty years*, and not those who may want a crop production loan for a year or a cattle loan for two or three years.

Tenants could use loans to enable them to buy stock or poultry or engage in gardening, but the Hollis Law will not help them. A personal credits law (which the Administration has deliberately turned down) would help tenants and also owners for short loans running a year or two; and, since such a system

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is in successful operation in every other civilized nation in the world, it is absurd to say that it is not practicable in America. It is feasible in America, based on co-operative credits (character, capacity, and industry being demonstrable security), with one central debenture bank owned by the federated personal credit unions of all America. Such a development of co-operation needs Federal encouragement and concerted work for the education of farmers in the spirit of co-operation. But such an enterprise will not bear fruit until its roots are planted, and no attempt has been made by the present Administration in that direction. The co-operative possibilities under the new conditions are negligible.

The rosy declaration of President Wilson in the speech he made when he signed the bill, that farmers are now given borrowing facilities equal to those of the merchant and manufacturer, will not be corroborated by practical business men nor by commercial bankers.

THE HONOR SYSTEM IN MILITARY PRISONS

THE military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was aroused, some time ago, by the escape of two prisoners belonging to the Disciplinary Battalion men—selected from the other prisoners and given special training and privileges to fit them to re-enter the army at the expiration of their sentences. The two had violated the prison's new honor system. "Aha!" said old army officers; "there goes another new-fangled notion." Then these officers learned that the whole Battalion had petitioned the prison commandant to allow certain of them to go out and get the refugees. The corps felt disgraced, and begged a chance to prove the worth of the honor system and their loyalty to it.

Contrary to army traditions and against the advice of nearly every officer at the post, twenty-one prisoners got their liberty and went off to scour the countryside. Next morning twenty-three returned to their cells. The two who escaped had been captured and brought back by their unarmed comrades.

This incident marked an epoch at the prison. It crept even into the commandant's annual report to the Adjutant-General, concluding: "The risk was great, but the system was on trial. The whole new policy was on trial. Sooner or later the crucial test had to be made. It was made, and the results changed an experiment into a fixed policy."

Uncle Sam owes his experiment in penal sociology, begun about three years ago, to the foresight and convictions of Colonel Herbert T. Slocum, then commandant of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and later in command of the Thirteenth Cavalry on the Mexican border.

With the approval of Major-General Leonard Wood, then Chief of Staff, Colonel Slocum introduced into the prison discipline advanced ideas on penology. He put into operation methods which should lead toward reformation in place of punishment. For the army this was revolutionary. Before the coming of Colonel Slocum all soldiers sentenced for military offenses had been confined at hard labor in one of the country's three military prisons. On completion of their term there came dishonorable discharge with the indelible brand of a criminal, prohibition from further service, and in some States loss of many rights of citizenship. A homesick boy, resentful of some real or fancied injustice, runs away from his regiment. Later he is brought back and sentenced, as a deserter, to two years' imprisonment. Perhaps nothing worse than a rebellious or despondent mood provoked his mistake, but for two years of his life he is classed with felons and treated as such. For such offenders Colonel Slocum brought the Disciplinary Battalion into being. Through it he meant to distinguish those fit for redemption from the hopelessly criminal.

Two fixed qualifications govern selection for the Battalion. Without both no man may hope to raise himself from the ranks of the ordinary prisoner. First, conviction must be for a purely military offense; second, a desire and lively hope must be expressed for further military service at the expiration of sentence. Given these two conditions, together with a good prison record for three months, and a prisoner is placed in one of the companies of the Battalion and shown how to work out his own salvation.

This means that members of the Disciplinary Battalion at any one of the three military prisons of this country are all men who in civil life would not be looked upon as criminals, and to whom restoration to serv-

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ice or recommendation for re-enlistment are powerful inducements for increased endeavor. There are no thieves and no embezzlers in this corps, and all of its members are working for a chance to take their places in the army again.

In training and privileges the Battalion is made as distinct as possible from other divisions of the prison. The honor system is used to its fullest extent. Separate mess-rooms and quarters are provided, and, as far as possible, separate employment. Cell doors are never locked. Drill outside prison is carried on without guards. Within ninety days of discharge all are paroled and all receive vocational training in one or another of the prison shops or construction gangs. Two privileges have been especially prized, for loss of them means more than discomfort—it means disgrace. They are conversation at meals and smoking in barracks. As one of the lucky ones put it, puffing away at his well-used pipe, "This makes a man feel like a human being again, that's what it does." Then, thoughtfully: "And it ain't natural not to talk when you eat. Why, even a dog growls over his bone."

To return a soldier to the colors as an "asset," not as a "liability," was the driving motive of Colonel Slocum's whole régime. To that end he made the drill severe and the schooling constant. A restored man's training and instruction were intended to make him superior to the average soldier and far better than any recruit.

It is easy enough to teach a man tricks of a trade, but the slow process of character-building is where the fine art of a master is needed. In this respect success has met the efforts of those in command of the various Disciplinary Battalions. No definite figures are yet available as to records of men restored to the colors. But from those who have gone back into civil life have come valuable human documents in the shape of letters showing that the men are "making good."

Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Harbor, and Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York City, are the two other military prisons of the country. Disciplinary Battalions have been formed at each, under officers trained at Leavenworth. Three companies are at Alcatraz, one at Governor's Island. No more than eighty-six men are allowed in one company. Roughly speaking—for the work is too new to permit of accurate data—ten per cent go back to the colors. Those who return to civil life do so with added capacity for earning their living.

Inherently, army prisons must differ from civil penitentiaries. In the first politics are unknown. The commandant is free to be as autocratic as he pleases. There is no appeal from his decisions, and he reports to no one but the Adjutant General at Washington. His pleasure is law for the prisoners, since investigations, partisan or otherwise, seldom occur. If a commanding officer believes a benevolent despotism to be wiser than self-government, he is the despot and may so order it. On the other hand, officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are many times more numerous for army prisons than for civil, so that a closer personal interest between them and their men is both possible and desired. Prisoners are studied individually and given a chance to respond to influence and example.

If the practical person, suspicious of all reform as either uplift or revolution, sniffs and calls such theories "highfalutin" and visionary, figures on the system's cost and profit to Uncle Sam may lower the elevation of his olfactory organs. In the commandant's annual report of August, 1914, at Fort Leavenworth Colonel Slocum recites: "It will be noted that the value of each prisoner's labor exceeds the cost of keeping him by $335.72." Further on he states that the cost to the Government of restoring forty-three general prisoners to the army is $181.71, and asks, with pride: "Could forty-three recruits be obtained at that cost, and, if they could, would they be as well trained as these restored men?"

At every post among the officers attached to prison duty faith in the new system is high and firm. It shines clearly even through the dry formulas prescribed for army reports. The anti-militarist, whose major criticism of all armies is their lack of creative usefulness, would meet confusion here. There's no negative idea of destruction in the words which close Colonel Slocum's report on the first year of the disciplinary work: "The principle of restoration is sound. All men who go back to the colors may not make good. We must be prepared for disappointment in some cases. But the great majority will make good. At least the number of failures will not reach the proportion of deserters to the number of recruits enlisted each year. Even should the process be a failure, the principle is sound. The cause of such failure must be sought elsewhere."

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WAR LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

In The Outlook for March 15 last we published "Some War Impressions of an American Woman." The article was made up of extracts from letters written home by a young New England woman who, being familiar with France and the French people, volunteered to do hospital work among the soldiers of the Allies. She is now officially connected with the French Wounded Emergency Fund Society, which is a Government organization. We have the pleasure and opportunity of giving our readers this week some further letters from this brave and energetic American to her home circle. We have received a letter addressed to The Outlook from her in which she says:

"I have just received from you The Outlook of March 15, in which I find some of my letters. I am very grateful to you for making my appeal for the French Wounded Emergency Fund known to so many people everywhere, and feel that you would like to know of the results of that appeal. Thus far the Fund itself has received over $1,500 as a direct result of publishing the letters. In addition I have received more than $600, and members of my family about the same sum, which they have used to purchase clothing and surgical appliances. You will agree with me that this is a very magnificent response from a very generous public. As far as I have been able, I have written to various donors what I have already spent in their behalf, and have asked the surgeons of the hospitals that have received the gifts to write also. The Fund, as well as I, is exceedingly grateful, and the gratitude of the *médecin-chefs* is almost embarrassing. I will ask you very kindly to allow my name to remain anonymous."

Our readers will remember that with the former article we printed a photograph of the American Hospital for Italian wounded in Florence, Italy. We said that the author of the letters has been associated with this hospital. She asks us to say that as an official of the French Wounded Emergency Fund Society she has no connection with the American Hospital in Florence, although she has a personal acquaintance with it, and a great interest in the splendid work the American ladies in Florence are doing.

We may add that if any of our readers are interested in adding in a personal way to the French Wounded Emergency Fund, and will send their contributions to The Outlook, we will see that they reach the author of these letters. A second installment of the letters will follow.—THE EDITORS.

Somewhere in France, March, 1916.

OF my own work and experiences I have so much to tell that I hardly know where to begin nor what to choose. Think of it, the first month is hardly over and we have already visited almost eighty hospitals! Yet every hospital stands out clearly and individually in my mind, as does each of the *médecin-chefs*. I wish I could say that every hospital has been as fine a type as its *médecin-chef!* These latter, one and all, have filled us with admiration—so devoted to their work, doing such wonders with so little apparatus and often in such miserable quarters; so modest, and yet many of them so really great (for we have learned how many are really famous); so courteous; so anxious to make you feel their gratitude for the little you have been able to do (and thereby filling you with humiliation); and so beloved of their men! To be a surgeon or doctor in these times, to feel that you have brought hope out of despair and relief out of agony, must be unspeakably satisfying—the only happiness to be found in these times of sadness and suffering.

It has been interesting to note that in every hospital where there are Sisters the hospital itself is cleaner and gayer, the men better cared for, the surgeon himself more content, the whole morale of the place higher and happier. The men have books and games, the Sisters teach them how to embroider and work in macramé and raffia, and they do not hesitate, with all their gentleness and motherliness towards their charges, to "make them mind their manners"! The other day in one ward a man far on the other side of the room behind the stove did not rise when we entered. The Sister said nothing at the moment, but as we went out by another door not far from him she stopped and said, "*Mon ami*, one does not sit in the presence of ladies." In another hospital the Sister was even more outspoken, for she went directly up to the soldier and took his *képi* off with her own hand! As a rule, however, the discipline of that sort is perfect. Every man, as the door opens, stands at the foot of his bed with his arms down by his side and his chin up. It is pathetic to see the poor fellows on crutches, or with one arm, or half-blind, standing to

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order; and nowadays we always ask the surgeons to let them sit.

It is the Sisters, too, who ask us for soap and wash-cloths and towels, individual combs and little mirrors and tooth-brushes, for none of these is supplied by the Service de Santé, and the hospital, with only *a franc-fifty a day per person* with which to supply food, heat, light, linen, clothing, medicines (and in some hospitals bandages), and service, can hardly be supposed to buy soap and combs. When I see these thousands and thousands of men—men from every walk of life and from every sort of home and hovel—tenderly cared for, treated like friends and called *nos enfants*, taught how to live sanely and under good government and discipline, I say to myself that a military régime is not at all the undesirable thing that we in America have been led to think it.

The hospitals where there are no Sisters have either *infirmiers* (men nurses) or the ladies of the town as nurses. Where there are *infirmiers* the condition of things is usually deplorable. Not that the poor men don't wish to do their best, but, as one of the Sisters said, "How can you expect a great awkward fellow of forty-five who has lived all his life on a farm doing the heavy labor to know anything about dressing a wound or the seriousness of doing it with dirty hands?" And in this part of the country there is no other sort from which to choose. All the men *under* forty-five are at the front unless they are incapacitated, and those *over* forty-five who are clever enough to know a *métier* are being employed in far more important work (so called!).

There remain the hospitals where there are the ladies of the town. These women are devotion itself. I am thinking of one immense hospital of four hundred and fifty I recently visited, in every ward of which were two women in nurse's costume, immaculate like their wards, all of them able and charming, and many of them very *grandes dames*. But in this part of France one does not find many hospitals so tended and so honored. There are few women able to give their time, from eight to twelve and from one to seven, day in and day out, regardless of their own homes and their own families. And even those who can do so are usually away at night. "And those long nights," as one of the Sisters said, "when the *pauvres petits* toss from side to side and suffer alone in the darkness, with no one upon whom to call!"

"But are there no *infirmiers*?" I said. "Oh, yes," she replied; "but only *one* for several wards, and they are usually so tired that it is very difficult to wake them. I myself the other night needed an *infirmier* to help me hold down a delirious man, and the *infirmier* was so fast asleep that I had to shake him hard before I could make him open his eyes." In this hospital for contagious diseases (among them several with spinal meningitis) there were *seventy* patients and only *three* Sisters to do the nursing! You will understand why I wrote in my report-book: "Wards untidy, uncomfortable. Men sick and slovenly."

There is a great difference in the atmosphere of a hospital for *malades* and one for *blessés*, and one feels it at once. The wounded, no matter how terribly mutilated, are almost without exception gay and laughing if at all convalescent, cheerful and full of courage, even if just operated upon. The *malades*, on the contrary, those with fevers, with tuberculosis, are without force, and sad, discouraged, uninterested. Their very look is a tragedy often. The other day I spoke to one of these poor creatures. "What can I do for you to make you more comfortable?" I said. "Nothing," he replied. The Sister repeated what I said, "Would you not like so and so?" "No, thank you," he said. She told me that he had contracted tuberculosis in the trenches, that he had always been strong before, that he had a wife and a little girl, that he was only twenty-eight, and that since he had realized there was no hope no one could rouse him. And there he was—there was no hope—and he in a ward with men convalescent, with wounded men, with men of every condition of health, all ready to take from him that same disease!

But this is by no means the only case we have found under just such circumstances. Fortunately, after nineteen months, the Government has been able to think of this grave danger. There is about to be opened in every military region (and there are twenty-one) a hospital capable of holding four hundred for the isolation of cases of tuberculosis. We have seen the one in our region. But think of the cases of tuberculosis! And the sad thing is that practically all of them would not have been had there been no war. On the other hand, the life in the trenches has done wonders, physically speaking, for some men. Mrs. T. has a friend in Château-neuf whose husband, all day in his office, was a

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prey to dyspepsia, etc., and considered himself an old man. When the war came, he enlisted, and is to-day the very picture of health. Some of her *filleuls* have written her that, though up to their ankles, and sometimes knees, in water and mud, with often only a few hours of sleep snatched here and there, they eat ravenously, and don't know what it means to be ill.

You will think, I fear, from the gloomy strain of this letter, that we never have a lighter side. It is true that in the hospitals our work gives us little chance to see much else than suffering, but on the road we sometimes have very amusing adventures. February 29 was a day full of surprises. Thank goodness, it only comes once in four years! We had hardly got out of the town where we had passed the night, and it was the most sordid town we've visited, when we had our first puncture of the whole trip. Fifteen nails from the peasants' sabots long enough to pierce a thick Michelin tire! Mr. T., kneeling in the mud, and we trying to help him, were surrounded by a crowd of forty or fifty of every age, but chiefly babies, who swarmed over everything and made every kind of comment in Breton on us, our car, and our costumes! (Mr. T. knows Breton.)

Once ready to start, we found ourselves absolutely held up by a long column of artillery wagons and guns (the famous 75s) which so blocked the road that for kilometers we were forced to crawl behind them. Free of these, we went along at a rattling pace, though the roads were thick with mud, when all of a sudden we came upon a line of peasants going in our own direction and bound for the weekly fair. The men were almost all old, but there were women of every age—such pretty women in *coiffes* and with their black skirts pinned up to their knees to show scarlet or blue petticoats bordered with black velvet bands! It was a a gay sight, for it was a windy day, and the *coiffes* and the petticoats blew and the long streamers of the men's hats fluttered from their broad brims. There was every kind of animal going to the fair—young horses and old, cows and oxen, sheep and pigs, hens and geese.

You can imagine the sensation our motor caused. If the horses weren't frightened by the motor, the men halloed and prodded them until they danced; the calves picked up their heels; the pigs, tied by one leg, squealed as if they were being murdered and tried to run across the road; and the geese stood in the middle of the way and just hissed at us! But when we reached the town itself it was confusion worse confounded, and pandemonium in the bargain. There wasn't an inch in which to pass. Every one ordered and shouted and screamed vituperations at us, and the animals joined in, and I laughed until I was sick. But I didn't dare take a picture of it all, for fear of bringing down more wrath on our heads. But our adventures were not over yet. It began to pour; the rain, driven by the wind, beat into the motor (which is open) until we were drenched. And in the midst of it all the very same tire burst again! Nothing could be done in this forsaken, out-of-the-way region, so, after many endeavors, we put on the Stepany wheel and rolled into a small town, too late to make the next "lap" that day.

It was not a town in which one would choose to spend the night, but we had to make the best of it. Economies, due to the war, did not allow of heat or light, save a candle in your room. After dinner, which, like the dinners in every French inn, no matter how small, was good, we sat for a while around a miserable fire of green wood kindled especially for us in the café. and then gave it up and went to bed. I wish I could tell you how my candle went out and I lost myself in the interminable corridors upstairs; and how the same thing happened to Mr. T.—only that a dog sprang out from somewhere and attacked him, and he kicked it downstairs; and how we roused the whole house; and how I finally climbed up (there is no other expression) into my great Breton bed and shivered in its damp depths until I fell asleep. It is amusing to look *back* upon! And I have told you about it in order to put out of your mind the sad side of the first part of my letter. But I must go to bed—a comfortable one this time—and finish this to-morrow morning. . . .

Hôtel du Commerce et de l'Épée,
Vannes, Morbihan, May 9, 1916.

I have been to a hospital (not here, but in Paris, before my return here) where I saw the most wonderful cures wrought on suffering men that I have ever seen in my life. Indeed, the whole thing is such a miracle that it is hard to write collectedly about it, and I know you will accuse me in any case of exaggeration until you see the photographs I am sending. *They* don't lie! Unless you see them or the men with your own eyes

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you think the one who tells you must be drawing upon a vivid imagination. I did until I went myself.

It is a small annex of an immense hospital where burns and frozen hands and feet are treated, and there I saw eleven men (there were more) who had had burning tar played upon them by the most recently perfected device of their so-called civilized enemy. (The Allies won't use it!) When they reached the hospital, the tar was still burning, their clothes were burned off. Don't think I went out of curiosity. Heaven forbid! I went to see this marvelous cure and to try to interest others in it. And I went knowing that it would be intensely painful to witness. Mr. W. said yesterday—he went to visit the hospital at my suggestion—that he considered it the greatest discovery since chloroform, and every other person with whom I have talked has come away marveling.

I hardly know where to begin.

We went first to see the dressing done upon those whose feet and hands had been frozen at Verdun, men who had been lying on watch, immobile for *days*, moving neither hands nor feet for fear of being discovered by the enemy, along a part of the lines where trenches are impossible because of swampy soil. Have you ever seen gangrenous feet or hands? Do you know what things of horror they can become? Do you know what the odor of gangrene is? And do you know that almost always the foot or hand, if not the whole limb, must be amputated? Then you will know something of the wonder when I tell you that of all the dozens and dozens sent to this surgeon only *one* had to have his legs amputated, and of the others only a few lost their toes, and these because they had been first treated in other ways at other hospitals, and time had been lost before they reached his. We saw the dressing being done. It took great courage to look. Ordinary wounds are nothing to these. But not a man flinched or cried out, *because not one suffered any pain!* And that was why I could stand it.

One man talked to me in English. He had been a waiter in a New York hotel. He talked calmly and smilingly while his dreadful feet were being painted with a white, waxy liquid. (This is the wonder of which I am to tell you later.) Another lay on a stretcher rolling a bandage unconcernedly while they dressed his stumps. "Does it hurt?" I asked. "Not at all," he replied; "but before I reached here—" There were others and others, all with the same sort of hands and feet—all cheerful and interested in their own cases, all witnessing to the fact that they felt no pain, all fast recovering.

And then we came to the burning-tar cases. One doctor told me that it was considered the most terrible form of suffering. I fear you could not stand it if I should describe them in detail. When I caught sight of the first of them, I could not believe my senses. I could not believe that any man in such a state could be living. My indignation was the one feeling uppermost, and I exclaimed aloud to the nearest surgeon, "Why did you not free him from suffering?" (Meaning, "Why did you not kill him?" And he knew what I meant.) His reply was, "We *have* freed him from his suffering." And do you know, will you believe, that very man—that apparent wreck, every feature of whose face was then indistinguishable, eyes closed, lips and parts of his face burned to the bone, teeth all exposed like a grinning mask, whose hands were too dreadful for me to describe—talked with Mrs. T. the other day, only ten days after? That the features of his face are not only plainly distinguishable, but that the deep wounds are filled up, the flesh fast healing over with new white skin, that there remains on his forehead but one place not yet fully recovered, and that there will not be, within another week, even a *scar?* I have had all his photos in my hand (taken by colored photography), a succession of photos from the time he entered until the day of which I speak—in all, barely a month. It is nothing short of a miracle. Moreover, he told me with his own lips that he had not suffered at all after they began to treat him by this new method.

But I have seen for myself others who were recovering or practically well, have seen a succession of their photographs too—what they were and what they have become—and I can tell you that his is no unique case, by any means. There was one who had been a violinist before the war, and whose hands, swollen to the size of small muffs, were plainly visible—blistered, purple, green—beneath the transparent waxy substance which covered them. The surgeon made a small mark with his instrument around each wrist and cut the waxy covering. Then he turned it down and began peeling it off like a glove, and like a well-oiled glove it came off entire.

The man watched the process with interest.

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"They promise me," he said, in answer to my questions, "that I shall have the use of my hands again, and I believe them, for they have already done such wonderful things. If I had not experienced it myself, I could not believe that such pain as I suffered could be stopped so quickly and so simply." And *I* could not have believed that such hands could have been made ever again to resemble anything human had I not seen the colored plate of them ten days later! Though a trifle larger than ordinary, they were as white as yours or mine, with not one scar anywhere. The man was to leave the hospital in a day or two. He had been there less than a month. We visited another man whose case had been exceedingly difficult, for the flesh of his nose and lower part of his face had been quite burned away. (We saw the colored photographs.) They had tried to graft on skin at another hospital, and there he had been for fourteen weeks, suffering dreadfully, making hardly any progress. He told us this himself. He had been in the hospital where we were seventeen days. His nose was quite covered again. His eyes were open. He could talk. Above all, he suffered no pain. But the surgeon told us privately that he feared disfigurement, as he had not been able to begin his treatment soon enough.

As we started to leave the ward two men came in with a stretcher. When they had laid their patient down, the surgeon called the younger of the two to us. (He was not an orderly at the hospital, but had been giving a helping hand.) His hands and face had been burned by the explosion of a gun. We saw, as usual, a photograph. Had they not told me, I should not have believed it to be that of the man before me. He had been brought here immediately. He had been here fifteen days. I could see no signs of any burn, though by looking closer I realized that his hair and eyebrows and eyelashes were newly growing out. The doctor asked me to touch his cheek; it was as soft as a baby's!

You will have been asking all along, "What is this wonderful thing? Why isn't the name of such a benefactor known throughout the world?" But isn't it the history of all great inventions and discoveries? I suppose it is because the cure is so very simple, and because, too, the man has neither wealth nor influence behind him. The simplicity of it is such that even I could grasp the thing after a brief explanation. The mixture is wax, paraffin, and resin. It is heated to 120° C., when it becomes like water and of the color of honey. Drawn off from the reservoir in which it is heated, it is ready for use. If you dip your fingers into it at almost 120°, as I did, it has only a comfortable warmth and dries at once about your hand when you withdraw it, incasing every little fold or crease with an elastic covering through which you can see. All air is kept out and there is no moisture; and, you know, air and moisture are the greatest causes of suffering to burned people. If the flesh is not too frightfully sensitive, the wax (or ambrine, as the surgeon has named it) can be painted on with a brush. If it is, the liquid is sprayed on with a small pump. The member is then wrapped in cotton and gauze to keep the waxy covering from breaking, or, as in the case of faces, with a mask of gauze only. In the beginning the wax covering is removed every twelve hours and a new one is painted on. The removing of the wax causes no pain. As the days go on the wax is removed only once in twenty-four hours.

To my surprised inquiry if that were really all that produced such marvelous, such miraculous results, the surgeon replied: "Mademoiselle, we do nothing. Nature, left alone, does it all. It is as if we covered the man as one covers a plant in a conservatory, away from all harmful influences, and there the skin grows again untouched, as a plant grows under the influence of the sun. That is all." But it has been the work of a lifetime; research which has taken all his private income, and which has quite evidently left its mark on a deeply seamed and prematurely old face. It seems so tragic that one who has found out how to ease two of the most terrible tortures —frozen limbs and burns—should have received so little recognition, so little help. One ought to cry aloud his name from the housetops! He deserves the recognition and the thanks due a great benefactor of the human race. But he doesn't ask it. He is the most modest of men. All he asks is to be allowed to receive as many poor, suffering creatures as possible. But he is very poor, and so is his little annex. And that is why I, among others who have seen the results of his work, am going to try to spread about the knowledge of his work, hoping that he may some day reap the benefit. Please help me to do this. If ever any one deserved all one can do for him, he does. The sights that remain in my memory,

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ineffaceable, cry out for publication! But because I don't want it thought that I am writing in order to advertise any remedy or scheme or man I will give you the surgeon's name and address in a postscript.[1] Then any one who really wishes to help can get it from you and write him direct. If one can do nothing else, one can send crude paraffin, which over here is very expensive, but at home so cheap.

SUNDAY TALKS WITH CHILDREN

BY THE REV. HENRY S. COFFIN

SCATTERBRAINS

Proverbs xvii, 24: "Wisdom is before the face of him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth."

SCATTERBRAINS'S mother is very much worried about him; she doesn't know just what is the matter with her boy, but sometimes she thinks there are leaks in his head. Things she tells him again and again slip out of his mind. She took him to a doctor a few days ago and he felt Scatterbrains's head all over, but could find no holes or cracks in it.

Yet there is certainly something seriously wrong with his brain; things either never get inside, or, if they do, they trickle out.

Scatterbrains takes the longest time to study his lessons, and then he doesn't know them. You would feel very sorry for him if you saw him. He opens his book on the desk and then sits and sits and sits staring at it. You would think that he must know every word in it by heart; but I don't believe he could tell you what is on a single page of it. We sometimes say of a weak-minded person that he is not "all there." Scatterbrains is not in the least bit crazy, but he is not "all there" when he sits down to study. Some of his thoughts are out in the street where other boys are playing, more of them are floating about in the room. His mother says these thoughts are "wool-gathering." Only a few of his thoughts are left to do his studying, and his teacher tells him that he has not put his mind on his lesson. She is quite right; he only put a tenth of his mind on it.

When his father goes off to business in the morning, he sometimes asks Scatterbrains to attend to something for him at home. "Now, my boy," he says, "keep your wits about you and listen while I explain what I want you to do." But those wits of his cannot stand still and pay attention; one wit runs off to a look at a picture in the corner of the room, another dashes out into the hall where Scatterbrains's little brother is rolling a ball, a third plays with the dog on the floor; and even after his father has gone over at least twice what he wants him to do Scatterbrains gets everything crooked.

Scatterbrains often forgets where he is going, and turns down the wrong block; and when he is riding on the street cars he frequently is carried a long way past the corner where he meant to get off. People call him "absent-minded;" but one wonders where the absent part of his mind goes to, and what it does; it never brings back anything from its excursions.

Scatterbrains is a good boy, and he kneels down every morning when he leaves his bed, and again at night before he lies down. I was going to say that he knelt down to pray; but I'm afraid he does not do much praying. Praying, you know, is talking to God; and one has to think of the person to whom one is speaking. But when Scatterbrains is down on his knees his thoughts are flying off in all directions. He may be saying with his lips, "Our Father, which art in heaven," but he is thinking of the game he was playing in the afternoon, or wondering whether he brought his baseball bat into the house. God cannot feel that Scatterbrains cares very much for him, so very little of Scatterbrains's mind and heart ever go up to meet him.

Indeed, Scatterbrains does not succeed very well in anything. You see, it takes a complete boy to study a lesson or to play a game of ball or to pray to God; a quarter, or a half, or even three-quarters of a boy will not do. The Bible tells us that a wise man puts his entire attention on the one thing that he is doing, and that the man who lets his thoughts go a-roving is a fool. "Wisdom is before the face of him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth."

[1] P. S.—Dr. Barthe de Sandfort, Hôpital St. Nicholas, Issy-les-Moulineaux, Près Paris.

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A SUBURBAN SCHOOL-BOY OF THE FUTURE

BY WALTER B. NORRIS

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

HIS name was Guilford, which was his mother's maiden name. Tall, erect, with a clear, ruddy complexion and a skin that showed the blood coursing within but also spoke of an outdoor life, he came down to breakfast that morning a picture of seventeen-year-old health and happiness. It was a simple, light meal, in great contrast to the heavy breakfasts of my boyhood, but far more wholesome. When I was introduced to him as that South American uncle of his whose long absence had prevented his ever seeing me, he shook hands firmly and thanked me eagerly for the many curious gifts that had reached him every Christmas. Then, with boy-like abruptness, he asked me whether I was to stay long.

Upon hearing that I was to remain several months, he at once said: "Then we shall have time to show you the town. You know we have a bully place here, the finest suburban town around, and the greatest place for a boy you ever saw.

"Why," he continued, with boyish disregard of logic, "over in North Paterson they don't even provide the high school principal with a residence, but he has to live out in town anywhere. Here he has a fine house on the school grounds, and gives parties and has clubs meet there. You ought to see the broad piazzas and beautiful decoration inside, all done by the students in the high school at that time. Its architecture is quite original, somewhat like a bungalow. It won a prize for us at the Philippine Exposition last year."

At this point his father broke in and assured me that I was in a very progressive town, one so well managed that the envious, as he called them, had nicknamed it "Spotless Town." He seemed to think that the changes in educational methods since I went to school had made a boy's life totally different from what we had lived a generation earlier. As I looked at the youth before me I did not see such a great difference in the product. He may have been rather finer in appearance, older in his talk, and more at ease in conversing with his elders, but I could not see much else.

I found, however, that he lived a very different life from what I expected of a boy not raised on a farm. Since a baby he had spent most of his time in the fresh air, and now slept in an open-air chamber, winter and summer, through fair weather, rain, and snow. Jumping up in the morning, he made a dash for the shower in the bath-room, and after a dash of warm water turned on the cold, and then rubbed dry in a fine frenzy. He was no pampered child, for, rising early, he attended to the fires in winter and did the other small tasks about the house.

Furthermore, I was greatly astonished at the methods used in his schooling. Everything he did seemed to be play or mere pleasure. When I asked him what he studied, he laughed and said: "Father calls it 'everything;' but I suppose you would call it algebra, botany, zoölogy, English, French, chemistry, physics, agriculture, geometry, physical geography, arithmetic, geology, architecture, wood-working, plastering, painting, manual training, plumbing, music, domestic science, elocution, gymnastics, and a few others. But we don't bother about names much, and it isn't divided into as many parts as that."

"Besides," he continued, "we don't so much study as actually do things. Father always asks me if I have studied my French, and I always say, 'No.' Perhaps I've only read a description of the aeronautic war maneuvers at Rheims, copied from the Paris 'Matin,' and talked it over in French with Charlie Kerr."

"I believe," he said in explanation of this, "we learn by doing, as I think I heard one of the speakers express it at a parents' meeting I ushered at. Now, as this morning is Saturday and there is no real school work, my class is going to visit a jewelry store and observe the business, note the methods used, and learn something about gems and making jewelry. The proprietor is a Frenchman, so Miss Albright said it would be a delicate compliment to him to speak nothing but French during our visit. We discussed it yesterday in French, to make sure everybody knew the

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common words used in the trade, but we shall pick up a good deal more on the spot. Won't you go with us?"

As I knew practically no French, having studied it only two years of my college course, and then not having been taught to speak it, I had to decline. But the incident impressed me. These young people were already using a foreign language naturally and practically, adding to their abilities in it in the same way we increase our command of English—by using what we have to acquire more, and making each addition permanent by actual use.

As for excursions to jewelry stores and other such strange jaunts, I could not help seeing that, as Guilford told us at lunch, there was much to learn there: artistic groupings in the window displays; fine mechanical workmanship with delicate tools and valuable material; and, besides, the practical illustration of many a law of chemistry, physics, and geology which I had known only as a form of words to be memorized.

After breakfast, but before this educational excursion, I found Guilford engaged in repairing a study desk he said he had made himself at the school workshop. His use of the working drawings he had made at the time he constructed it and his success in giving the desk simple but beautiful lines and in staining it an unobtrusive green showed me rather abruptly that his range of ability and workmanship was beyond what I had supposed. I could have done some of his mechanical "stunts" myself, for, as I modestly stated at some time during every educational discussion I entered into, I had been raised on a farm and taught all kinds of manual labor. But I could never have done the work with the artistic skill and scientific accuracy he showed.

When I came to question him about the work and what he understood of it, I saw still more clearly that manual training, as I think it used to be called, had come to include more than it amounted to for me on the farm. In my younger days the pupils often repaired the district school and understood most of the mechanic arts. But such training came from the practical necessities of rural life, and was not thought of as any part of education. That term, represented in the concrete by the district school and in the flesh by the pedagogue, often a young college student, meant nothing but intellectual labor for the boy. But if he moved to the larger towns or cities, as so many did, education still remained purely intellectual, and he had no opportunity to learn to labor with his hands. Now, under the present system, the opportunity has been given even to the city boy, and, as he is not in the district-school age, intellectual and manual training are combined for him and made to serve each other in developing the head and hand of the individual.

The thing, however, which impressed me about the result of this training on Guilford was that he had learned manual arts from teachers far better equipped than mine had been. His had a broader outlook and a more scientific preparation. I had learned to plane, saw, nail, mix mortar, and paint simply that my labor might save hiring a regular workman; he had been taught these matters, not only that he might perform the operations themselves, but that his whole being might be broadened and developed harmoniously in all directions.

"This afternoon," said Guilford at lunch, "you've got to come and see the sports on the playgrounds. We're all going, anyway, and you'll be interested, I think. We don't have any one 'big' game here, as they do in some places, such as football or baseball, though we play both, and there is lots of interest; but there are a dozen or more games of different sorts, and only one out-of-town team present. The rest are all organized in the schools or among the townspeople. That gives more chance for everybody to participate."

This last fact was impressed on me when I came down ready to start. I found the whole family in the automobile—Guilford as chauffeur, and the only one, as he cleaned and cared for the machine. The rest were in athletic attire, too—Helen arrayed for field hockey, Judson for baseball, and Davis, with his pail and shovel, for the kindergarten sand garden. Even my sister-in-law wore a sweater, and remarked that she should either join a ladies' field bowling tournament or watch the games while visiting Mrs. Rand, whose veranda overlooked the playgrounds.

"You'll see," she said, "that even the grown-ups have fields for baseball, association football, bowling, and golf. On the golf course you'll find Frank [that was my brother] as soon as he can get home from town and change his clothes. You see, the town owns the playgrounds, and opens them to all. The higher taxes we have to pay for these privileges tend to keep out those who would not

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appreciate such luxuries, as they would call them. The social atmosphere is one of perfect democracy, and in all public matters the town officials, especially the director of education—you used to call him superintendent of schools—are influential and the leaders."

I found the playgrounds beautifully placed near the outskirts of the town, surrounded with hedges and trees, beyond which, as we looked toward the town, were to be seen the gently sloping roofs of the school buildings, themselves situated on the same tract of land, and making, with their smooth lawns and well-massed shrubbery, a pleasant picture.

When I had wandered about for a while, I began to believe what my sister-in-law had told me. Games of all kinds were going on, from prisoner's base and such century-old pastimes, to lacrosse, football, field hockey, and golf. Children and young people of all ages were engaged in them, and I even saw a baseball nine of business men playing a team of fourteen-year-olds. The spectators were largely in some sort of athletic attire, and after a short period, for nothing seemed to last long, they went on the field as contestants, while the others retired to the swimming-pool and baths in a near-by building—the municipal natatorium—only to reappear later as spectators.

When, later in the afternoon, I met my brother, he had finished his golf and was refereeing a lively game of lacrosse for some youths of eighteen. This contact of men, old and young, had, he said afterwards, made the playing less intense, more friendly, and had kept it play rather than strenuous labor. Though there was no bitter struggle for victory at any price, there was much cheering and coaching of the contestants, and an evident desire not to be defeated.

The feminine part of the population were also provided with games suited to them, and the opportunities were taken, I was surprised to see. Indeed, I found that the children were taught to play the various games, which accounted, perhaps, for the uniform excellence of play and the readiness with which they turned from one to another. As a result, I learned that there was little athletic hero worship, for in so many kinds of play each found some game in which he could excel.

To make such play beneficial physically requires, of course, careful supervision. Physical examinations were given all school-children, and a certain standard of health and strength required before the boy could indulge in the more strenuous forms of exercise or go on to more brain-fagging studies. The family physician also worked in conjunction with the school to make the development of the child physically and mentally harmonious.

"The schools," said my brother, "are, in fact, the predominating factor in the community. If I should feed my children ill-cooked food, or even much of the food we used to eat on the farm, they would protest, for they have studied foods and know the good from the bad. My family doctor would protest and the school authorities would protest, as soon as they discovered the situation. Besides, the facts being once known, public opinion would soon bring me to mend my ways."

A special case my brother cited to me concerned smoking. The influence of a study of the effects of tobacco on young men, especially students, by the physical training department of the schools had so stirred up public sentiment that without any law being passed smoking on the playgrounds ceased almost entirely, and the school-boy who smoked on the streets of the town showed independence worthy of a better cause.

"Another strong force which has already begun to show its influence," said my brother, as we were on our way homeward, "has been exerted by an idea you have perhaps never heard of—the school city."

"I confess not," I had to answer.

"Well," he explained, "the school is made a self-governing community, organized like a city, with mayor, council, chief of police, and commissioners of various matters—fire protection, sanitation, street cleaning, etc. There are also courts to try offenders. All these officials are students, the teachers acting as friendly advisers and experts. What we should call securing discipline, and all the care of the school grounds and buildings, the reception of visitors, and the giving of entertainments are intrusted to the pupils themselves. If you could have been here last week and seen Guilford appearing in the school court against a boy who got angry and pulled up a rose-bush in the school garden, you would have appreciated the entire change in the attitude of the pupil toward the school and its work. Though entirely voluntary, the system has had such support from the pupils themselves and from public sentiment that a certain number of tax hours are exacted of each pupil—corresponding to city

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taxes—and the time is used in caring for the school buildings and playgrounds. The maintenance of them is thus reduced almost to the cost of materials and tools."

As I suspected, I found that this system of self-control did not lighten the labors of the teachers. In fact, it required more of them, for the results in discipline had now to be secured indirectly, and many a teacher had failed because he lacked the tact and personality necessary. But it had proved successful, and had given the boys and girls a moral training in responsibility and self-control that I could see I had never secured from my school life.

The visit I made on Monday to the schools themselves while in operation gave me still more impressive evidence that since my days in the district school-house there had been at least one, perhaps several, educational revolutions. The first thing I noted was the appearance of the corridors. Instead of the long bare stretch of floor and wall, decorated perhaps with coats and hats or lines of empty hooks—such a sight as I had seen during my college days in certain city schools, not to mention the dirty and scarred cloak-room of my own district school—this school-house had stretches of hall space decorated with pictures and busts, with here and there an alcove where a low window looked out upon a pleasant bit of garden and had a comfortable window-seat and a book-shelf. Pupils scattered about in these were quietly reading and studying, some even watering the plants scattered through the corridors. At one end, in a space cut off temporarily, a group of boys under an older student were laying a new floor. Except for this spot, all was quiet but for the muffled footfalls on the linoleum and a whispered conversation in an alcove.

As for system, there seemed to be no inflexible military regulations in force. There was no sudden jangling of bells and a universal commotion every hour. Pupils kept passing, seemed to leave the rooms at pleasure, but appeared to have individual tasks and to be going about them in a businesslike way. It was the atmosphere of a well-run shop or of a well-patronized public library.

When, however, one of the teachers to whom Guilford introduced me took me into several parts of the building to see work in arithmetic, English composition, and Latin, I found that the workshop comparison was the better one, for there was much more of activity than I had seen outside. Yet all was easy and natural, and pupils seemed to be treated, not as masses, but as individuals.

In the arithmetic section I visited I discovered what did not entirely correspond to my idea of arithmetic as it used to be taught. The pupils were tabulating the results of a survey of one of the playgrounds just made by some older pupils, and were being shown how to find the area of the irregular field, and how it should be divided to accommodate a baseball diamond, a lacrosse field, and a quarter-mile track. When the calculations were made, the pupils of a more advanced section were to do the actual surveying from the blueprints furnished by this class. It was no wonder that with such a practical problem the pupils were interested and keen to secure accuracy.

My teacher-guide explained that there was no real work in pure rhetoric, and that English composition was taught in all classes, each teacher examining all the written work handed him for spelling, punctuation, good paragraphing, and correct and effective expression. Besides that, however, there was the practical newspaper writing. Entering a room marked on the door "Editorial Department," I found myself in a fully organized newspaper office. There were more people at work than customary, but all were busy on actual tasks. Student reporters and writers kept entering and handing in copy, neatly typewritten by their own hands. The teacher acted partly as editor-in-chief, partly as a general adviser and helper. The school published, I was told, a small daily newspaper, giving the official business of the school city and some other matter on general topics, all prepared and printed in the building by the school forces.

While I was waiting for Guilford to appear at half-past eleven, when he had said he would be free for a few minutes, I was approached by a "cub" reporter and asked for my opinion of the school and the community. After supplying him with some "stuff," and being questioned regarding the latest revolution in South America, I turned questioner and asked the boy what he thought of this kind of education. In reply he told me an interesting story. He had become very much dissatisfied with his school life in a distant city, where the methods used were rather ancient, and had about given up the idea of preparing himself for any definite vocation. Just then his father had to move to New York, and established his home in this suburb. The

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boy had become interested in the educational methods he saw there, had re-entered school, and was doing good work. "It's not study we do here," he said; "it's work. It's not like going to school and sticking to books for five hours in one hard seat; it's just living all the time like other workers, and thus practicing for the work one will do later. The schools made this town, sir. Did you know that? They're the biggest thing in town now. I'd rather be the director of education here than mayor, and I'd get a larger salary, too."

In the Latin department I found myself in the atmosphere of classical antiquity. Views of the Roman Forum, one or two statues, and many pictures of such remains of classic architecture as the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum helped to make one feel himself in the Rome of the Cæsars. Even the decoration of the room and the furniture had a classic form—all made, I was told, by the students themselves. In the darkened lecture-room adjoining a teacher was giving a stereopticon lecture on the Roman house to some fifty pupils, including several of the club women of the town who were interested in the topic. The scope of the lecture particularly struck me. The talk ranged from matters of architecture and construction, including some scientific details, to its adaptation to the Roman climate, its sanitation, references to it in the Æneid and "Ben Hur," and its lessons for us to-day.

At the close of the lecture a half-hour was spent in an open discussion—a strange school performance to me, for the pupils seemed to question the teacher. But I soon noticed that, though the teacher never tried to cover up his ignorance when he was unable to answer a query, he had the habit of retorting with a question, which generally led the pupil to furnish his own answer. At times he called on some one else to explain, and thus before the time was up nearly every one in the room had taken part. Moreover, the pupils showed by their questions and answers that they had made considerable preparation before coming to the lecture.

Impressed with the broadness and originality of the methods used in the schools for the purpose of making the work practical, I was much surprised to find that the shops of the school system occupied but little space; they were housed in a long, low building, beautifully surrounded with hedges, and looking very unlike the bare New England factories of my boyhood. This was due partly, I discovered, to the system of co-operation with manufacturers in the vicinity, who received pupils for much of the practical work, the boys working one week in the factories and then attending school for one week. By this means, some boys, I was told, had practically supported themselves, and been able to prepare for lucrative positions.

The workshops were, I found, under a type of teacher entirely new to me—men who had received considerable scientific and technical training, had actually handled men in shops and factories, and yet understood boys and the principles of education. They had, besides, the broad preparation necessary in teaching to make purely mechanical work have an educative value. Their teaching positions did not offer the chances for making money that they might have had elsewhere, but gave them more leisure, less intense activity, and a position of greater respect and influence.

In fact, the teachers I met were more like shop foremen than the old type of teacher I had had in my youth. The latter had been educated intellectually, but knew so little of practical life that he gave his pupils a prejudice against the mechanical occupations, and wanted all of them to enter the learned professions. He had evidently disappeared, and in his place was the man who with culture equal to his had not been so warped by it that he could not see in all useful vocations opportunities for skill and the exercise of all one's powers. A more practical and better-balanced man, he was impressing his character on the boys who came under him, and teaching them that all labor, whether with hand or brain, is dignified and ennobling.

When I left the school building and started for home, Guilford insisted on taking me through the school fields. I had noticed signs of agriculture on Saturday, and I now found plots of vegetables, cereals, fruits, and flowers under careful cultivation by the school population. As far as possible this was made practical, and the products in the way of flowers, hedge plants, and trees were used in beautifying the school grounds or other public spots, or the pupils were given the results of their labor—vegetables, for instance. All ages participated, from the smaller children with their tiny flower-beds to the older pupils with their tree-culture and farming. Though most of the work was done with the simplest implements, the mechanical side was not neglected, and the school barn showed more

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agricultural machinery than I had seen in Argentina.

"Do your graduates become farmers?" I asked Guilford.

"Oh, only a few of them," he replied; "but we all learn to understand the principles and apply them around our homes. Then it seems to help people to love grass and flowers and make beautiful gardens around their houses. We boast the most beautiful suburb around New York, and it's largely due to the influence of the schools."

The weeks I spent in my brother's home kept me in close touch with the boy and his education as it was conceived in that up-to-date suburban community. I found that the boy was a different product from him whom the district school turned out, and the methods used were even more unlike those of the past. Almost every boy seemed to find some direction in which he worked enthusiastically and well, due largely to the development of every part of him. His physical power, his intellectual ability, his manual skill, his executive ability, his artistic nature, all were cultivated, and the result was a well-developed citizen and man. And somehow all this training was so organized that it was consciously a preparation for some definite occupation in life; it was intensely practical. As a result the boy left school far larger and broader in ability to understand and perform than I had left the rude, unhandsome school-house of my country district.

HOW THE GEM CITY PLAN WORKED

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

RECENTLY I attended a little dinner of persons interested in the problems of municipal administration. We had as our guest the man who threw the city manager pebble into the pool of governmental administration. He had hardly seated himself after speaking when a little man down at the center of the long, oval table began the story of how this idea had worked in Gem City, a small Southern community which he had visited only a short time before. The tale was dramatic enough to have furnished a scenario for a moving-picture play. No "love interest" was required. Indeed, it was so like a melodrama that one realized with difficulty that the incidents could actually occur.

While, doubtless, the somewhat aggressive temperament of the city manager and the political conditions existing in the little city had a marked bearing on the outcome of the experiment, inasmuch as the question of the practicability of the city manager idea in small communities is debatable, the story told at the dinner table is worth retelling in substance. Incidentally, it may be stated that the real name of the place is not Gem City.

Gem City had become ambitious. It wanted to occupy a larger place in the light of the orb of day. It had a Chamber of Commerce. When the city charter was remodeled, a progressively inclined group of citizens thought it might be worth while to be as up-to-date as possible, and adopt the city manager idea. Gem City is a small city, however, so it was proposed that the city manager be hired jointly by the Chamber of Commerce and the city, his time to be divided between the two. This was called the Gem City Plan. It looked, on paper, like a good way of securing the advantages of the new type of executive control at a minimum of expense, and put them within the reach of the small community.

Gem City fronts on one of the finest harbors indenting the coast of a certain Southern State. It is upwards of two hundred years old and has a population of somewhat less than ten thousand. Its white population, through association for generations, has intermarried to such an extent that to press down upon the social fabric at any point is to strain the whole network like a cobweb. Through the system devised a few years ago to keep the political control of the community in the hands of the whites without violating the express terms of the Federal Constitution, the real elections are the primaries, at which only members of certain political clubs can vote. At least, they have been until this year. The casting of the ballots on election day was simply a confirming formula. Of course the clubs did not admit Negroes to membership, and registration was limited.

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Mr. Smith, a young man in the twenties, clean-shaven, youthful, and docile-looking, but from Missouri literally and in other senses, was engaged to assume the joint duties of city manager and secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. The local government as reorganized consisted of a mayor and two councilmen, the mayor having a vote in the council. It was expected, however, that the city manager would be the actual executive. Mr. Smith was energetic and more than willing to accept responsibility. Everything promised well. The mayor was the president of the Chamber of Commerce and a deacon in the Baptist church. Strict observance of the Sabbath was a hobby of his. Upon Mr. Smith's arrival he put his arm affectionately around the shoulders of the young city manager and assured him of his fatherly interest and a desire to aid in making the official path smooth. The two councilmen were the administrative officers of the two banks in Gem City. The interests of the community appeared to be in the hands of the "best element."

For some reason, the authority vested in the city manager was not utilized by the city as promptly as might have been expected to be the case. There was delay in turning over to him the books containing the tax assessments and the accounts of the municipal electric plant. Nor was an opportunity given him to reorganize the force of city employees in a manner to secure the efficiency which it was hoped would follow the adoption of the new form of administration. The old inhabitants who were unable to earn a living in any other way, and whose plea in some cases was that they had large families to support, were left on the pay-roll.

However, the ambitious city manager did the best he could. When he finally secured the tax books, he began to study them. It appeared that the poorer members of the community, including the Negroes, had been paying more than their share of the taxes. The older of the two banks, apparently, had been delinquent, and its president, reputed to be worth half a million, paid on only a few hundreds of personalty. A steamboat line connecting Gem City and a neighboring city, according to the books, was liable for unpaid taxes amounting to more than $800. Mr. Smith visited the office of the line and collected the back tax. This made the people of Gem City sit up. The city manager was actually collecting arrearages from corporations. The back tax of the bank, as he figured it out, was something over $2,000. He decided to assess the president of the bank on an amount of personalty exceeding $60,000. He invited the cashier, one of the two councilmen, to call and look at the tax books with a view to making corrections if any errors appeared. Thinking he could not be forced to do anything, the cashier declined the invitation.

Then the city manager decided to collect the taxes by less gentle means. He called in the chief of police and gave him execution papers to serve. The police chief was quite willing to serve them. He would secure a percentage for making the collection. He did not realize what lay before him.

The deacon-mayor was absent on a visit to the San Francisco Exposition. The cashier of the bank was acting mayor. The attorney of the bank was city counsel. When the police chief attempted to give the papers to the cashier of the bank, the latter called upon the attorney for an opinion. The latter, casting himself for the time being in the part of city counsel, advised the former that as acting mayor he should direct the chief of police not to serve them until the mayor returned and the city's policy regarding the collection of back taxes should be settled. It appeared later that there were a good many persons who were in arrears. The poor chief, between two fires, did not know what to do. He had been directed by authorized persons to serve certain papers. He had been told by others who seemed to have authority not to serve them. They were not served.

The city manager sought the aid of the courts. The city counsel and the attorney of the bank tried to stave off action. The Court decided that there was nothing for the bank to do but to pay and lodge a protest as provided by law in the case of taxes alleged to have been illegally collected.

"Well, Major," the Court remarked with characteristic Southern drawl, looking toward the aged lawyer who in one person combined the functions of attorney for the bank and for the city, "it looks like they've got it on you, and it is my opinion your bank will have to pay the tax."

The efforts of the city manager to collect taxes from so-called leading citizens and to get a glimpse at the books of the Municipal Lighting Company stirred up the powers. The social network of a Southern commu-

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nity is quite likely to be closely bound to the bank through a multiplicity of mortgages. According to a certain genial soul, no Southerner can be considered a gentleman if he has no mortgage on his "prop'ty." When the mayor returned from San Francisco and found himself face to face with the problem of mollifying the bank officials and the youthful municipal expert, "who was not even a citizen," something inclined him toward those who were trying to evade the payment of taxes. It was decided by the mayor and the cashier-councilman that the young city manager was so lacking in the spirit of harmony that he should be dismissed.

So, one day, a meeting of the council for the purpose having been called (it was to be held that evening), the mayor visited the city manager. This time he did not paternally place his arm around the young man's shoulders and promise aid. Instead, he told him that, although he had served well, in the interests of harmony it was desirable that he should be replaced. He brought out a form of resolution which it was proposed to introduce at the meeting with this end in view.

"It can all be done quietly," said the mayor. "The meeting won't last more than five minutes."

"You want this to be legal, don't you?" asked the city manager, as he glanced at the paper which was to perform the same function as that imposed upon the ax when Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the block. "This isn't in the form of a resolution, and, to be effective, it should be."

"That's so. You know how it ought to go. You fix it up right."

So the city manager took a pen and put an edge on the instrument intended for his decapitation.

When the city manager came to the town house that evening, he was interested in discovering that it was purposed to hold the meeting of the council in a small room which would accommodate only the friends of the delinquent taxpayers. He turned out the lights and opened a large room adjoining, so that all who desired to do so could see and hear the ax fall. The large room was crowded to the doors and windows. It was one of the most largely attended council meetings in the history of the city. The ax performed its function, although not so smoothly as was expected, for the cashier-councilman, when he arrived and saw that the meeting was to be held in a large room before a great company of the citizens, fell in a fit and had to be supported by a physician while he voted.

At the conclusion, the friends of the city manager held an indignation meeting. There was talk of violence, which Mr. Smith decried. A petition was prepared praying the Governor to order an election to recall the mayor and the cashier-councilman. They were charged with "hindering and obstructing the collection of the city's taxes, even to the extent of actually discharging the city manager and coercing the chief of police and using their official positions to protect delinquent taxpayers."

In the State in which Gem City is located, as has been indicated, it is customary for the opposing forces to fight it out at the primaries. Those participating take an oath when they vote to support the nominees, whoever they may be, at the succeeding election. This insures a solid white vote on election day and prevents the Negroes from electing any one to office. At the primary in which the recall was to be fought out more than eighty white supporters of the "bank crowd" stayed away from the polls, and, of course, did not take the oath. The followers of the young city manager won handily. The opposition formed another club. There were indications that the reactionaries were seeking the assistance of "amenable" Negroes.

The Gem City paper cried out against the prospective destruction of the carefully devised State plan for the elimination of the Negro vote. The white voters of the neighboring county talked about "coming down" to prevent the Negro vote from carrying the election. When the special election was held, some of the Negroes remained away from the polls, fear of the consequences being one of the causes. However, the supporters of Mr. Smith were defeated. He himself was assaulted in the evening while on the street. He made no attempt to use a revolver which he carried, but was arrested for having concealed weapons upon his person.

The judge dryly remarked, when fining him, that doubtless it was a piece of youthful indiscretion, but inasmuch as he (the judge) had never heard in his region of the destruction of a weapon taken under such circumstances, he would return the revolver; which he did, passing it over forthwith to the slight ex-official. Mr. Smith appealed from the decision, and he was released on bail. When he left Gem City, his enemies were unaware

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of the fact that his efforts in extracting back taxes from the pockets of delinquents had won for him appointments from the county and the State as a collector of taxes in arrears. So far as they knew, all danger of further trouble from him had been eliminated.

"If one were inclined to moralize over this experience and plan," one of the diners remarked by way of comment, "he might say that the aims of a Chamber of Commerce and the duties of the city manager might conflict."

Provincialism in a community does not help the city manager in the execution of his duties, for he represents cosmopolitan ideas of things and is likely to be something of a cosmopolitan himself. Cosmopolitanism grows slowly in an atmosphere of provincialism. However, it should be said that the city manager's function is that of administration, and not that of adopting policies. This principle has been more resolutely adhered to in the thirty-six other cities that have adopted the commission-manager plan. It is expected that the commission of citizens will decide upon the limits of the duties of the city manager.

RECENT SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES[1]

SOCIOLOGY, now a science of commanding importance, not named in the "New American Cyclopædia" issued fifty years ago, evidences the great ethical progress since made. Its present amplitude, evinced by the seven hundred pages of Professor Hayes's work, "Introduction to the Study of Sociology," as only an introduction to it, is a practical appreciation of Pope's dictum:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Scientific sociology is based on the multitude of facts in individual and social life gathered by many investigators in its world-wide field. Professor Hayes has organized the main teachings of these facts into systematic structural unity as a basis for their further development in social progress. Scores of them are presented in his analysis of the causes—geographic, technic, psychophysical, social—which affect the life of society. Succinct comments on their significance for adequate treatment of problems raised by rural and urban conditions, by wealth and its distribution, by poverty, by industry and its organization, by hereditary characteristics, by disease and drugging, by race and immigration, the problems of charity and its organization, and the necessity of social control sustain a lively interest from page to page.

Sociology is the study of "the conscious life of man in its concrete richness and variety." This is the central truth illustrated by Professor Hayes's panoramic view. Individual activities are socially caused, and social realities are composed of individual activities. The individual and society are the two aspects of the one reality—life.

An analysis of it and a survey of the stages and agencies of its historical development converge upon the final problem, the social control of the social instincts necessitated by their short-sightedness, whose "large scale sinning is apt to be long range sinning." Here the cream of the volume rises in a searching discussion of crime and its causes, criminals and their imperfect treatment, and the agencies of social control at hand in religion, public sentiment, and politics. "Not law but personality is the ultimate basis of social order. . . . In the deepest sense the real constitution of a state is not a written document, but an actual situation created by prevalent ideas and sentiments; . . . it is the amendment of this unwritten constitution that is the fundamental reform; . . . it is the study of this social constitution and the method of its life, constantly evolving, that can make our political knowledge more than empirical."

Professor Durkheim, of the University of Paris, has made a noteworthy contribution to the science of religion in "The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life." His finding in the lowest form of religion some elemental ideas of Christianity is news to most

[1] Introduction to the Study of Sociology. By Edward Cary Hayes, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Illinois. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life: A Study in Religious Sociology. By Émile Durkheim. Translated from the French by Joseph Ward Swain, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Practicable Socialism. By Canon S. A. Barnett (the Late) and Mrs. S. A. Barnett. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

Christianity and Politics. By William Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Views on Some Social Subjects. By Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bt., M.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

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of us, but it accords with the principle that the rudiments of fully developed life exist in life undeveloped.

The elementary form of religion best known to Americans is the totemism of the Alaskan tribes, whose tall, fantastic symbols stand in some of our parks. Totem, an indigenous American word, denotes some natural object whose name is taken by the clan. A pale reflection of it survives in such national emblems as the American eagle, the British lion, the French lilies, the Russian bear. The totem is the flag of the clan, a symbol of religious loyalty to the community, whose collective strength animates each clansman to an intenser life. In this primitive idea of a reality greater than mere man Professor Durkheim sees the gray dawn of religious feeling toward what is sacred and divine.

The fundamental idea of totemism is that of a force, *mana*, resident in all living things, pre-eminently in the society of the clan, and symbolized by its totem. Here, though in an impersonal form, we see foreshadowed the Christian doctrine of the immanence of God in nature and in man, ever working out his eternal will. Modern science also in its doctrine of the infinite and eternal energy whence all things proceed accords with the totemic principle. "The idea of force," says Professor Durkheim, "is of religious origin. It is from religion that it has been borrowed, first by philosophy, then by the sciences." In the highest form of religion, as in the lowest, man still finds the well-spring of aspiration and endeavor toward the heights of idealistic hope.

A more primitive form of totemism than the Alaskan exists in Australia together with the most primitive social organization now known. This is Professor Durkheim's chosen field. His exhaustive sociological study of its beliefs and rites convinces him that even the crudest religions call spiritual powers into play, and that their principal object is to act upon the moral life. No religion, however barbarous, is wholly false. It is no discredit to the highest type if some germ of it is found in the lowest.

A short series of papers on "Practicable Socialism" was published in 1888 by the late Canon Barnett, the memorable pioneer in social settlement work at Toynbee Hall, London. A much larger series has just been published by Mrs. Barnett, his devoted collaborator. It abounds in suggestions that are profitable for American consumption. That practicable Socialism must be religiously motived is the thought that runs through the series. This good Churchman's definition of religion is remarkably coincident with that of Professor Durkheim from the standpoint of science—"thought about the Higher-than-self worked through the emotions into the acts of daily life." "The real social reformer," he "who will most surely set right a world out of joint," is characterized by Canon Barnett, a most competent judge, as one who, whatever his pursuits, "thinks first of their effect on the health and wealth of his partners in them."

Religion as a force in political life is the theme of an Anglican Churchman writing on "Christianity and Politics." Observing that the war has brought religion into prominence as a matter of public concern, Dr. Cunningham holds that, if it is to become effective politically, Christian men must learn from past failures. Review of these since the Reformation era forms the staple of the volume. The author's standpoint is evidently that of political toryism, and he is not so keen a critic of the failures of the (Arminian) Established Church as of those of the Calvinistic Presbyterian and Independent Churches. In summing up the subject this conclusion is reached concerning Christian duty in a democracy: "Christianity will work along the lines of least resistance if it appeals, not to society as a whole, or to men in masses, but to individuals personally." But did not Christ appeal both to the many and the few?

Full of years and honors, an eminent British physician, Sir Dyce Duckworth, offers his "Views on Some Social Subjects" in a volume of some twenty papers read on various occasions upon topics of medical, ethical, and social concern. It is a rare event for a veteran physician thus to give publicity to the impressions gathered by long and wide experience and observation at home and abroad. With some strong prejudices—*e.g.*, against women physicians and against Boston as "a perennial source of false doctrines"—the author holds strong religious convictions and the highest ideals of motive and conduct. Merely naming a few of the subjects presented—"Knowledge and Wisdom in Medicine," "Dust," "Women in the Twentieth Century," "Sick-Nursing," "Sunday Observance"—indicates the many-sided interest of the volume.

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BY THE WAY

Newspaper despatches tell of a pension case which must be unique. It is alleged that the Swiss Government is trying to find the living descendants, if any exist, of Hans Roth, of Rumisberg, who was granted a pension by Switzerland in 1382. Hans was a farmer who overheard enemy soldiers talking of a plan to sack the city of Soleure. He gave information and saved the town. Thereupon the canton voted a perpetual fund to provide an honorary robe and an annual pension to Hans, and, after him, to the eldest of his descendants. The last Hans Roth, of Rumisberg, died recently.

It seems that The Outlook has a new contemporary called the "Outlaw." At least The Outlook has received a commendatory clipping about the "Outlaw" from the "Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer," which is evidently under the impression that The Outlook and the "Outlaw" must be one and the same thing because both begin with "Out." We wish we could accept the commendatory words about our "unique and entertaining," even if supposedly piratical, contemporary.

Many slang phrases have odd and ancient origins. Thus "All my eye and Betty Martin" (beloved, we believe, by Tony Weller) is said to be short for "*O mihi, beate Martine* (O blessed Martin [help] me"); and "hocus-pocus" comes from "*hic est corpus*"—in the Mass.

"Cold light"—that is, light unaccompanied by even such heat as the ordinary electric bulb gives—has been discovered by a French engineer, M. Doussand. If true, this is an enormously important discovery, electrically and industrially speaking.

A correspondent writes, apropos of the picture of a great heap of dandelions in The Outlook for July 12: "You don't tell the story of what *was done* with that 'heap of dandelions.' The world's wastes are being found to have commercial profit. Right here in Buffalo we see foreigners laboriously digging up the roots of the pestiferous burdock, much to my surprise, and, of course, of the dandelion. It is the practice of foreigners in many States to gather the dandelion root for 'greens.'"

One of the graduates at the recent Yale commencement submitted a paper on "The Utilization of Tetrachlormethylmercaptan for the Synthesis of Aliphatic and Aromatic Isothiocyanates." Then why not, asks the Charlotte "Observer," try some of it on the Mexicans?

The Outlook lately told the thrilling story of the misadventures of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition. Since that was written a brief cable from Chile, under date of July 12, states that (for the third time) Sir Ernest Shackleton has started on an attempt to rescue his twenty-two companions, marooned by ice and sea on Elephant Island. A "small schooner" is described as his vessel; twice he has failed with larger ships; but probably weather and seasonal conditions may now be better.

A writer in the "Scientific American" states that old newspapers may be converted into an excellent fuel for use in stove, fireplace, or furnace. The papers should be piled into a tub until it is about one-third full, and the tub then filled to the brim with water. When thoroughly soaked with water, the papers are squeezed into balls about the size of one's two fists and thrown on the ground in the sun to dry. They will have become so soft and pulpy that a perfectly compact ball is easily formed. It will dry, if left in the sun long enough, until it is almost as hard as wood.

The boy of the song "I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier," who has also the good or bad fortune to be named Bryan, will be trained (so his father, the poem's author, states) so that he "will be able to take care of himself and protect his wife; but I have not given him this training so he will be able to knock down some other man and take his watch." Not even the most ferocious advocate of preparedness would demand a complete criminal training; but one may hope that the phrase "his wife" may be expanded a little.

Does any "kind employer" want to hire a poet? The employer must be "of good habits, sober, honest, industrious, obedient," etc.; while the poet's idea of a suitable job for himself would be "something unusual to do: orchid-hunting in Brazil, antique-buying in Spain, collecting books for a bibliophile, searching Japan for prints, traveling round the world in quest of beautiful things, chasing rainbows—anything requiring spirit, originality, versatility." As the poet who thus advertises under "Help Wanted: Males," in a New York newspaper, gives his name in full, together with the title of his latest book, and refers to "Who's Who," one is inclined to ask whether he really wants a job or just plain publicity.

In "A Soldier of the Legion," by Edward Morlae, this account of the measures taken to prevent war prisoners from escaping is given: "They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and we mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trousers buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war shoes had their laces cut. . . . Thus, slopping along, hands helplessly in their breeches pockets to keep their trousers from falling round their ankles, shuffling their feet to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them."

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